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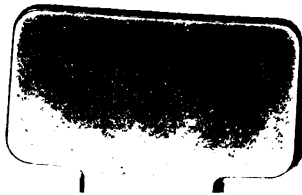
WESLEYAN  
JUVENILE OFFERING  
1869.

Per. 133. f. 142  
1869 NSJ

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1869 NSJ







WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING :

A Miscellany

OF

MISSIONARY INFORMATION

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. III.

NEW SERIES.

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LONDON :

SOLD AT THE WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE,

BISHOPSGATE-STREET-WITHIN :

ALSO AT THE CONFERENCE OFFICE,

66, PATERNOSTER ROW.

—  
1869.





**W. M. WATTS, 80, GRAY'S INN ROAD.**

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THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JANUARY, 1869.



comes with merry chimes of joyful hope, and the sweet music of good wishes ; and though it begin in mid-winter, it seems already to tell of the coming spring. It is as if all of us, young and old, had turned a corner, or climbed a hill-top, where, for a little while, the past is out of sight, and we are looking forward, right out into the time to come.

Dear young companions, who go along with us, not only in the journey, but in the work we so dearly love, may we tell you something we have learned from bygone

new years—new years that have got old long since, and their history been finished, rolled up, and put away in the Great Remembrance?

We may look forward too much and too far, and think so much of what we hope to be and do, as to have no thought left for what we are and do just now. Think of this year as a monument you have to build, and which will never be taken down again. Every day you must build, always adding. This you cannot help.

You have watched the masons at work, and have seen them first lay one straight course of stones, and then another on it, and on that another, and so on, up and up, until, course by course, the building grew to be very high and strong. Think, then, that each day you add another course to the year's life-building, and try to lay it carefully and well. If those masons were to lay their courses, one straight, another crooked, one rough, another smooth, one of all sorts of stones and rubbish mixed together, another of picked and sorted stones, what sort of thing would the building be, do you think, when all was done? All men would laugh at it; and the builders would feel ashamed every time they passed it by.

Let us all remember, then, the work to be done day by day. Let us lay each day's course carefully and well; for if, when all is ended, we see some of the work that has been badly done, we cannot alter it then. We cannot take out that ugly stone there, or make straight that crooked course. As we did it so it must abide, to our joy or shame, for ever and ever.

But stay: while we are thus looking forward, let us keep in mind that the first course of the year has to be laid to day—the New Year's Day. It is very important to start well. For though all the rest should be well done, what a pity that the beginning should look as if built by some careless and idle hand.

Another thing all builders, old and young, must needs bear in mind.

Let us go and learn the lesson of that man who has got the ground dug out for the foundations, and is just beginning to lay the bricks and stones. Tell us, good builder, what are you starting to build. "A castle," said he: "look how strong the walls will be."

Next week we go again to see how he gets on. "Why, what build you now, good friend?"

"A summer-house," says he : not to have a fixed plan, and keep to it."

"I've changed my mind."  
Wait a bit, and then ask him once more about his work. "I'm building a cottage, a house for my good wife, and our four bright boys, and the baby sister that rolls on the floor brightest of all."

Again, wait awhile, and then we will go and see how the cottage grows. Why, what change is this? "Oh, I've been advised to build it round, instead of square."

And so he goes on. Now some one tells him that the windows should look this way ; and, a few days after, some other friend shows him how much better they would be looking the other way ; and he tries to follow both. Then, when he has got the bedrooms finished, he finds, all at once, that he has never thought of a staircase, and that the kitchen has no chimney, and the house has no door, and that the pig-stye has been built on the roof among the chimneys.

Now suppose that this man cannot alter anything, but must leave all his blunders as part of the building. Would not people come from far and near to see the funniest house that ever was built, and laugh at the foolish man who built it? And they would all say, "Stupid fellow

Well, then, let us be wise, and have a plan—a good plan—and keep to it. Let us go to the great Master of all the life-builders, and ask Him to give us a plan that we may build accordingly. And on the first stone we lay, and on the last, let us cut deep these words, "THY WILL BE DONE." You know where His plans are to be found, and where all His will is taught. And part of His will is, that you should make known to as many as you can, how good the Lord is, and how great a Saviour is provided for all mankind.

Begin then, dear young fellow-workers, with the first day of the new year ; and let every day find you doing the same work, living according to His will, and trying to do all the good you can. If you look about you you will perhaps find some children like yourselves, to whom you could talk about the gentle Jesus, and tell them how good a thing it is to pray. Think of this, that there are thousands of people in Great Britain who do not know God, and who never teach their children about the Saviour. Day by day, do what you can to send them the good news of Jesus, and pray for the poor heathen who live in our

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sea," and where tempests never come.

Dear children, does this simple story teach no lesson? Is not Frankie an example to us, in her diligence, in her love to God, to His people, and His servants?

Let us take care lest this poor African, once a slave, living in darkness and ignorance, should wear a brighter crown, and stand nearer to the throne, than some of us, who have been more highly privileged. ANNIE.

---

### A STREET SCENE IN INDIA.



OUR picture you may see some of the objects commonly to be seen in an Indian street.

Under the old, tumble-down verandah, next to which is our Bangalore girls' school, are two people cooking "hoppers," cakes of rice, and very much like the crumpets or pieklets which British children know full well. The dog looks on, and the birds look down, as though they hoped that some good was to come of it for them.

In front walks a stout Hindu gentleman, with his parasol above him, and his wife behind him. This is considered the proper place for the wife, who here is holding the rather troublesome little son by the

hand. The young gentleman looks as though he would like to run away from his very respectable parents, and have a game with that by no means respectable little Hindu who is setting the dog at the unhappy donkey.

The poor donkey can't help itself, for his feet are hobbled—tied together to keep him from straying away. Altogether he looks an ill-used beast, for his ears are cropped, and, like too many donkeys in other lands, he no doubt has had hard times of it. His young tormentor, you see, is not much troubled with dress, but, like most Indian children of the same age, runs about with a bare skin.

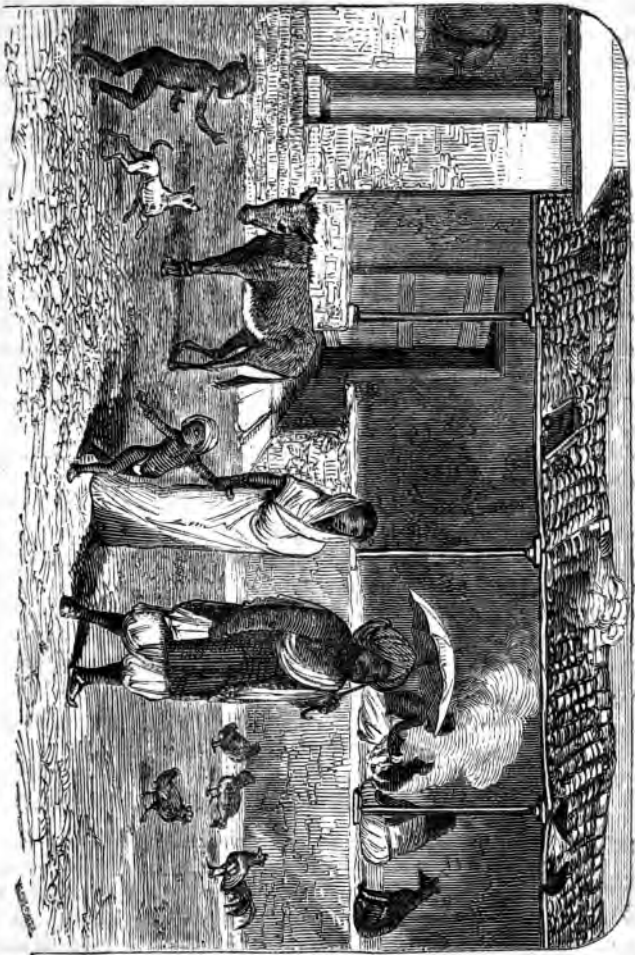
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### A MISSIONARY MARK.



POOR slave girl loved Jesus, and she loved Him so that she wanted to help to send the

Gospel to tell the poor heathen about this Jesus, who loved and died for them as well as for her. "What can me do?" she asked;



not "What can *we*, a poor slave girl, who has nothing to call my own, do?" as if she could do nothing; but "What *can* me do?" showing that a real hearty will can possibly find a way. Before getting to her cabin the way was found. She had a few chickens which she called her own. Taking one of the finest and fattest of her flock, she tied a piece of red flannel to its leg and gave it to the Lord."

"Sissy," she said to the chicken, "dis is de Missionary mark. Now you's a Missionary chicken, 'member dat. All of your eggs, dey's Missionary. All of your pullets, dey's Missionary too. Now go 'bout your business."

Are our dear Christian children doing as much as this poor girl? Is the Missionary mark on any of their things? They have ribbons and trimmings and feathers and flowers; but where is their Missionary mark? They have toys and books, and pictures

and purses; but where is the Missionary mark? God has highly blessed you. Freely you have received, freely give. Remember the poor heathen. Remember the poor in your own land. There are crowds of children in need, crying to you for help. A lady from the South writes: "Give me books, cards, and instruction. I can do good, and thank God for it, if I have books. I say *give*, for we have no money to buy with. I have just formed a Sabbath-school of eighty scholars. Some of the children come thirteen miles. Men sit upon the floor. Tears, prayers and blessings were poured upon me."

And this is only one case. Children, put a Missionary mark on your *wants*, and see how many of them you can give up in order to help the destitute ones who are crying for the bread of life. — *Child's Paper*.

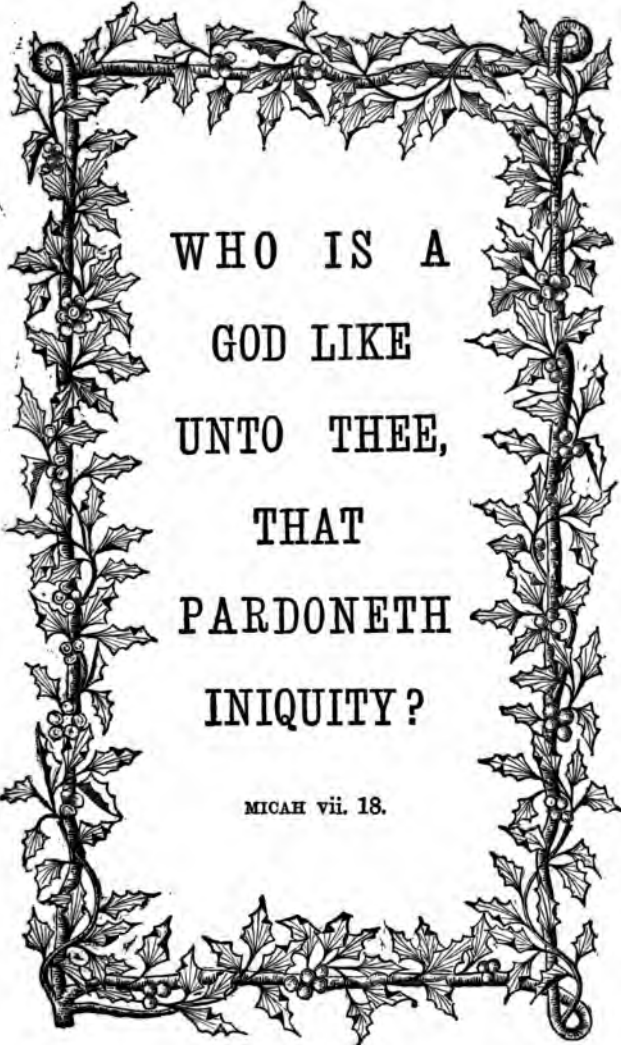
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### MISSIONARY MEETINGS IN JAMAICA.



MISSIONARY meetings in Jamaica are very popular. In towns they can be held at night, but in the country places they are generally held in the

morning. The services are announced a month or two before the time, for the people like to go as smart as possible, and it takes them some time to earn money enough to buy new clothes.



WHO IS A  
GOD LIKE  
UNTO THEE,  
THAT  
PARDONETH  
INIQUITY?

MICAH vii. 18.

The wages of those who work in the field are only one shilling a day, and they cannot get regular work even at that.

On the day of the meeting the neighbourhood is astir earlier than usual. At the Mission-house the servants are bustling about and looking very important; for there are several ministers and friends expected, and the Missionary must provide for them.

At the chapel busy fingers are at work erecting the platform, and decorating it with plaited cocoa-nut leaves, twigs and flowers. Arches of cocoa-nut leaves are also formed at the doors, and festooned with flowers; and the chapel is adorned with twigs and flowers throughout—pulpit, lamps and pillars. A good supply of fruit is also provided; and on the platform plates of pared oranges or shaddocks (a large kind of orange), pine-apples and ginneps, are placed on the table. Sometimes the people send fowl or roast pig and bread for the ministers to eat at the close of the meeting.

An hour or two before the meeting begins, women may be seen walking along the roads that lead to the chapel, with a large red kerchief tied round their head instead of a bonnet,

and their dress pulled up, and tied round their hips, which gives them a very waddling appearance as they walk. They have no shoes or stockings on their feet. They carry a bundle on their head. Sometimes it contains ginger-beer, cakes and sweetmeats, which they have brought to sell, but it generally holds their clothes.

When they reach a good stopping place, either on the roadside or at a house, they begin to dress. On goes a pair of boots, a fine dress, a fine hat, often with a grand feather in it, or decked with very smart ribbons, and a brooch, which is often pinned on about a foot below the chin. In a few minutes the woman is quite changed, so that you would scarcely know her again. There are others who would scorn to carry their clothes in order to save them, who will walk all the way from home in their best, or mount their pony and ride to chapel. And there are often respectable and well-to-do people attending, who drive in their buggy (a light carriage).

The men don't often carry bundles, but they frequently carry their boots in their hands or over their shoulders, until they get within a short distance of the chapel: then they put

them on, but they don't feel very comfortable in them, because they are not accustomed to wear them regularly.

A man went into a store the other day to buy a pair of boots. "I want a good pair," he said, "a pair like the last. *I have worn them for seven years!*" There is one thing that many are very particular about when they go to be measured for a new pair of boots, and that is, that the boots have "screechers" in them, that is, something put in the soles in order to make a creaking noise as they walk. One poor girl, a short time back, ordered a pair of boots. They were made and paid for; but when she put them on, behold, they had no "screecher" in them. She pulled them off in no very amiable mood, and sent them back to have screechers put in. The shoemaker, meeting another customer, sold the boots again, so the girl could not go to the meeting.

There is often a great display of finery at the Missionary meeting. I have seen young men with a large gilded brooch pinned in their shirt front;

others with white coats trimmed with black braid; others with short red coats. Some young men come into the meeting late, in order to show themselves, and that their boots may be heard, and their fine clothes seen. The girls often put very thick starch, with gum in it, into their dresses, which causes a very great rustling as they pass along to a seat.

At Missionary meetings there are collections, of course. The greater part of those who attend provide something to give. But they do not put it in their pocket, or carry it in a purse as you do. If you were to examine their pocket handkerchief, you would find a hard knot at the end of it: that knot has in it the money which they intend to give, and when the plates go round, you may see a number of them undoing knots with their teeth, or looking very grave over opening out the money with their fingers.

In another paper I will tell you how a great many of the poor people provide money to give at Missionary meetings.  
*Ocho Rios.* HENRY BUNTING,

---

A MISSIONARY LESSON.

PART I.



**GRAIN** of corn an infant's hand  
May plant upon an inch of land,  
Whence twenty stalks may spring, and yield  
Enough to stock a little field.

The harvest of that field might then  
Be multiplied to ten times ten,  
Which sown thrice more, would furnish bread  
Wherewith an army might be fed.

PART II.

A penny is a little thing,  
Which e'en the poor man's child may fling  
Into the treasury of Heaven,  
And make it worth as much as seven.

As seven ! nay, worth its weight in gold,  
And that increased a million fold ;  
For lo ! a penny tract, if well  
Applied, may save a soul from hell.

That soul can scarce be saved alone,  
It must, it will, its bliss make known :  
" Come," it will cry, " and you shall see  
What great things God has done for me."

Hundreds that joyful sound may hear ;  
Hear with the heart as well as ear ;  
And those to thousands more proclaim  
Salvation in the " Only Name."

That " Only Name," above, below,  
Let Jews, and Turks, and Heathen know :  
Till every tongue and tribe shall call  
On " Jesus Christ " as Lord of all ?

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

FEBRUARY, 1869.



HOW SOME PEOPLE IN  
JAMAICA FIND MONEY  
FOR MISSIONS.

**A**t a Missionary meeting held a short time ago a woman sent a paper to me which she wished me to read to the meeting, in order to let the people know how she managed to provide money for Missions, that they might be induced to adopt a similar plan. The paper was headed—“HISTORY OF A MISSION COCOA-NUT TREE,” and the substance of it was as follows:—

“In 1851 I attended a Missionary meeting. Among other things, one of the speakers told us that one reason why people complained that they had no money to give, when they were asked, was because they made no provision beforehand; and that if they would only do something, for example, plant a tree, and set it apart for Missions,



they would never have cause to complain. When I went home I planted five cocoa-nut trees. One of them I set apart for the cause, and had the words "MISSION TREE" cut into it, so that, in time to come, any one might know that tree was separate from the others. The Mission tree grew faster than the other trees, so much so, that if you saw it now you would think it had been planted long before the rest. In 1856 it began to bear. It is now the most fruitful tree of all, and every year I get twelve shillings for the cocoa-nuts, which I give to the cause; and now I have no trouble, when the time comes round, to find money for my contribution to the Missionary Society."

You may be pretty sure that I read the good woman's paper with no small amount of pleasure; and I think, if you had been there, in that company of dark faces, you would have been very much pleased too. Every one seemed to think that God must have specially blessed that tree, or it would not have realized so much as twelve shillings a year.

There are others who provide money for Missions in a similar way. One man came to me, at the same meeting (Morley), and told me that once a year he

bought a fish-pot,\* and set it in the sea to catch fish. He sold the fish, and gave the money to the Mission cause. He had only made four shillings this year. He was very sorry that his fish-pot had not made more, and appeared almost ashamed to offer so small an amount. "However," said he, "I will try to do better next year, if spared."

A good woman sent up to the platform a paper containing seventeen shillings. Three of them were for the collection, and the rest was to be printed in the report, "PROCEEDS OF MISSIONARY KID, FOURTEEN SHILLINGS." She had set apart a kid for Missions, and it had so grown and prospered as to realize fourteen shillings.

There was a Coolie in the same meeting. He had been brought from India to work on a sugar estate as a kind of bondman, receiving a small amount of wages. He is now free. He and his wife were baptized some four or five years ago by the Rev. W. Reeve, and were also married at the same time. They are both members of our church. He was named James, and she Charlotte, Murdock. She is a merry little body, and nearly always brings her little fat boy

\* A vessel made of basketwork, or net stretched on hoops, and used for fishing.

to shake hands with me when I go to their chapel.

The Coolie came to me looking very grave and modest, and said to me very quietly, "Minister, the Lord have blessed me, and prospered me, and me wish to give something for the Missions." And what do you think that Coolie gave me? A one pound note! And that was not all: he had some silver, about three shillings, in his pocket, which he was going to put into the plate.

One of our native ministers, some time ago, had a MISSION-ARY CAT named "Molly." Molly was a first-rate cat, and often had a number of kittens, which were turned to advantage for the Mission cause. Rats are very numerous in Jamaica, and are very destructive in the house and in the field. Cats are very useful in destroying the rats, and so saving sugar-

canes, coffee trees, &c. The people will sometimes give as much as eighteen pence for a young cat. The minister used to sell "Molly's" kittens, when they were old enough, and, at the close of the year, the proceeds were entered in the report as "Molly," so much.


My dear young friends, cannot you go and do likewise? I dare say you can think of some plan if you do but try, whereby you may increase your Missionary contributions. Just think awhile, and I am sure some plan will occur to you. If it is a good one, as I have no doubt it will be, if you think well, tell your minister of it, and ask him to send an account of it to the "Juvenile Offering," so that we in Jamaica may read it, and learn a little more.

HENRY BUNTING.

*Ocho Rios.*

---

### HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

E have taken the following from a letter written by a Missionary, the Rev. Egerton R. Young, to the superintendent of a Methodist Sunday School in Canada.

"Our home is among the Indians, a little north of Lake

Winnipeg. We travelled the whole distance from Red River to this place in a little open boat, rowed by six Indians. This lake is about three hundred miles long. Our little boat was often fearfully tossed about on the immense waters; but a kind Providence mercifully preserved

us. Our Indian boatmen are all pious men. Every morning and evening, when we stopped on the rocky shores, they sang such beautiful hymns, and prayed earnestly to the same God we love to worship. Once they were all heathens. They worshipped little painted wooden gods; but they listened to the Missionaries who were sent to them years ago, and who told them the sweet story of redeeming love. They threw away their foolish gods, and began to serve the one living and true God.

"We have a very nice church here for the Indians to worship in. Most of them live in little white houses. Before the Missionaries came they lived in bark wigwams, or in tents made of poles and covered with the skins of wild animals. As there are some of these wigwams still standing, let us go and visit one. We find that the door is so low that we have almost to get down on our hands and knees to get into it. The first thing we see is a fire burning on the ground in the middle. They have no stoves: the smoke goes out at the top. Around this fire the men, women, and children are sitting in a circle, with their backs against the poles. They have no tables or beds. When they

eat they put their food on the ground; and when they want to go to sleep they wrap themselves up in their blankets or fur skins, and lie down before the fire like your little dogs in Canada.

"They wrap their babies up in a kind of beautiful moss, and then lace them tightly up to a board. They carry them everywhere in this manner. When they bring them to church they stand them up against the wall.

"We have very nice Sabbath Schools, even in this cold and far-off land. The children dearly love the Sabbath School. With the money which your school and others gave me I purchased catechisms, library and hymn-books for this school. You will think the money was well expended, when I tell you that there are whole classes of boys and girls who can answer every question in the catechism. They sing very nicely the same beautiful hymns you love so well.

"I have just returned from a visit to a distant mission, called Oxford. It is over two hundred miles from here. I went in a birch-bark canoe, and took with me two Indians to paddle it. I went to preach to the Indians there, and to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Missionary who lives there is a converted Indian. We

were a whole week in getting there. We passed in our little boat through lakes, rivers, and creeks. In some places we came to fearful falls, where the waters roar, and dash over the massive rocks. At these places the Indians would lift the canoe upon their shoulders, and carry it away round to the smooth waters below, then we would all get in and hurry on. It is a very wild and desolate country. The only inhabitants are the wild animals, some of them very fierce. When night came, we went to the shore and rested until morning. We would build a large fire, cook and eat our suppers, sing our evening hymns, say our prayers, and then, wrapping ourselves in our blankets, lie down to rest. We had no roof above us but the blue sky, and no bed under us but the rocks. The winds sighing through the tall fir trees, and the waves dashing against the rocks, were our lullabies; and with sweet consciousness that God was our protector, we soon went to sleep.

“The people at Oxford were

very glad to see us, and when the bell rang for service, every man, woman and child in the village came out to church. We had a delightful time, and felt that God was with us. The journey home was not so pleasant as it was going. The cold rain and snow came down upon us, making us shiver. Twice I woke up and found my bed covered with snow.

“We passed by beaver houses, and often saw where the industrious little animals had been at work. Dear Sabbath School scholars, you are not working in vain when endeavouring to help on the cause of Missions. Souls are being converted, vile sinful practices are being forsaken, and this lovely redeemed world of ours is daily becoming better.

“But while raising money, do not forget to pray for us. Pray for the poor Indians. Thousands of them are still pagans. Pray for the Missionaries that, in their privations and sufferings, they may be sustained and comforted by that Gospel which they preach to others.”

---

### THE WAY TO HEAVEN MADE LIGHT.



HE Rev. H. S. Barton writes from Edendale in South Africa :—

“Amongst the natives


we have had a truly happy death. A young girl of eighteen has died of consumption. She was taken, about two months

ago, to a native doctor's, but became worse while there. She often talked to them, and very sweetly, about the Saviour. Some thought she was mad. Her father went to fetch her home. On the way she said, "I see the world is all vanity compared with the joy which God gives me. I cannot tell the joy I feel. The way to heaven is made light to me." They stopped at a house for the night on the wayside. She could not sleep, but frequently conversed in a most triumphant way about the things of God. They resumed the journey homewards the next day, and it soon became evident she would not reach her earthly home. They stopped the waggon, and sang and prayed. She herself prayed, and then bade them all farewell.

"My eyes cannot see, my ears cannot hear, my time is done. You must not cry." And, bidding her father good bye, she said, "I go to my Father in heaven," and so she passed away. Before, she had said, "I go away from this world ; I shall soon see the new world and Christ, and see again my mother." This event has much affected the people on the station : many wept at her grave, and one backslider told me that her death went like an arrow to his heart. She kept her Bible with her to the end, and frequently quoted from it ; and one of her last requests was that her class money might be paid for her. In her blameless life and triumphant death we have another proof of the power and riches of God's grace to save heathen people.

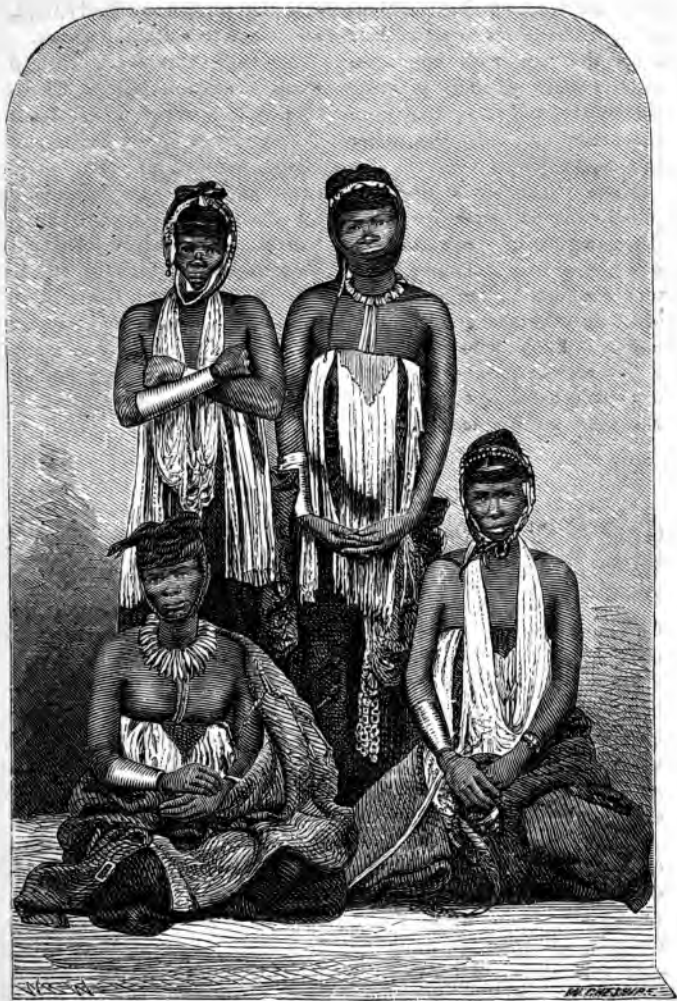
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#### SANDILLI'S WIVES.

 YOU don't often see a more curious, though you may see many prettier family groups than that which we give you on the opposite page.

You wonder that any man should choose one of these women for a wife. But what do you think of a man marrying all four of them ? Well, these four women are the wives of one

man, named Sandilli, a Kaffir chief. Very likely he sees more beauty in them than you do ; and no doubt he admires their dress, which you think so strange. They look as if they were all suffering with toothache, and were obliged to tie up their faces ; but this is their fashion : and Kaffir women, as well as others, like to be fashionable. No doubt, if some one in



England were to make it fashionable for the ladies to wear their faces tied up with bandages, they would all follow quite obediently, and fancy they were the more handsome the uglier they made themselves.

These Kaffir wives are to be pitied, not so much for their dress, as for the condition in which they live. The evil custom of a man having more than one wife causes a great deal of misery. Each wife is bought with a certain number of cattle, and each has a hut to herself. But there are frequent quarrels,

and the women are badly used, and made to work like slaves.

All these things are changed when the people become Christian. The religion of Jesus Christ makes happy hearts and happy homes all the world over; and while you thank God for the comforts of your Christian home, you will rejoice that He makes it possible for you to help in bringing true blessing to the Kaffir women and other poor heathens, who now live in many sufferings because they do not know the Lord Jesus Christ.

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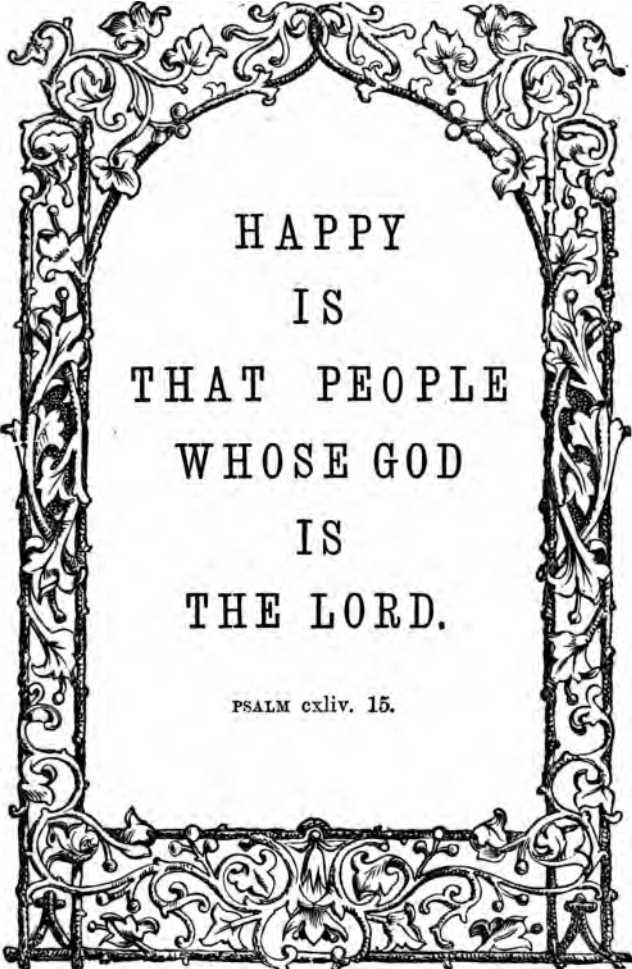
#### CHINESE CONVERT.



CHINESE, who, with some others, was baptized as a Christian some time ago, in connection with our Chinese Mission in Australia, gave a full account of his conversion, part of which you will be pleased to hear. Like many more of his countrymen, he had come to Australia to dig for gold; but, at first, had not been successful. He said,—

“The year before last I lived at Vaughan, and was again a digger. I heard Leong-on-Tong preach there in a Wesleyan chapel. I thought what he said was good. Afterwards I came to the Chinese church at

Castlemaine, and heard him preach with pleasure. It was like as if a cloud had removed from before the sun, and the light shone out. I believed that God is the Father of this world, and that Jesus is His only-begotten Son, and came from heaven to save sinners, and I was very glad to learn His truth. But as my mates were unbelievers I felt it very inconvenient to remain with them, and therefore joined some Christian friends at Barker's Creek. And now I found myself very free and happy. But being unable to get a living, I went back to Vaughan to work in an



HAPPY  
IS  
THAT PEOPLE  
WHOSE GOD  
IS  
THE LORD.

PSALM cxliv. 15.



old paddock, and for a time I remembered God and prayed to Him, though my mates were unbelievers. They however abhorred me and cursed me. At length I was tempted by my mate to give up, and forsake God, and deny the truth. An accident happened to me about this time. I fell down a steep place and dislocated my leg. My mate tempted me to make a vow to images till my leg should get better; that is, to make an offering of pork and fowls to the image, and to fall down before him. My mind was not comfortable: if I sat down, not happy; if I slept, not happy. I ate and drank less each day, and I could not work. I was sick, and yet not sick; I was mad, and yet not mad; I had no spirit left. I now thought, God is rebuking me for returning to the images. I will again seek the true God. But I found I could not; the devil had got hold of me. But Leong-on-Tong came to preach at Vaughan again: he called on me, and asked me to come and hear him preach. He exhorted me, and very much comforted me. My heart was a little more happy; therefore I went home and thought it over. If I don't believe in Jesus, I cannot be

happy; my soul will be lost. Then my heart believed in the truth. I came into Castlemaine to see Leong-on-Tong, for I hoped he would untie the knot of my heart. But four times I came in, and he was not at home.

I now thought it was all arranged that my soul should be lost, and I was very sad day and night. Therefore I came the fifth time on a Thursday very early. Happily I found him at home, and was very glad, for he very much comforted me and prayed and spoke many good words to me. I stayed with him three days, and he very much instructed me. From this time my spirit has rest again, my sickness is gone, my heart is comfortable, like as a bird from a cage rejoices more and more in his freedom. Therefore I sometimes say God is Almighty. He set me free. I truly repent of my sins, and I ask you to baptize me. I am a disciple of the Saviour, and I pray God to give me the Holy Ghost to help my strength, and make me stand in His ways to the end, nor let me be tempted again; and for the next life my soul depends on the Lord Jesus to take me to heaven."

“IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO.”

**T**HE Rev. Joseph Nettleton, in writing about the Richmond Institution in Fiji, for the training of native ministers, says :—

“One promising young man from the Kandavu Circuit returned home to die soon after his arrival here.

“Wasted away by consumption,

he said to his native minister, who visited him when near death, ‘There are only two good places that I wish to live in ; one is the Richmond Institution, where I can be trained for usefulness ; the other is heaven, where God is about to take me. Between these two places I do not choose, but listen to God’s will.’”

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A WORD FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



LITTLE fingers can be useful,  
 Little feet may run ;  
 Little words, when smoothly spoken,  
 Many souls have won.

With your faces brightly beaming,  
 Hearts all full of love,  
 Do what *you* can do for Jesus ;  
 He looks on above.

You to Christ, by praying parents,  
 Often have been brought :  
 But the little heathen children  
 Never have been taught,

That, so great His love for children,  
 He a child became ;  
 How He knows their little troubles,  
 And has felt the same :

How, that they might be forgiven,  
 Jesus even died,  
 Wishing them to share His heaven,  
 Happy by His side,

Standing in the Father's presence,  
 Gazing on His face,  
 Dwelling in the brightest glory ;  
 Such His matchless grace !

Will you ask *your* and *their* Father,  
 Messengers to send,  
 Who shall tell these, His dark children,  
 Jesus is their friend ?

Will you give your little pennies,  
 God's own truth to buy ?  
 Will you help the Missionaries ?  
 Each can, if you try.

Will you ask your friends and playmates—  
 Little girls and boys,  
 To save something for the Missions  
 When they buy their toys ?

Jesus will accept your off'rings :  
 He will smile and say,  
 " See ye these my little ones—  
 Children of the day.

" Come ye blessed of my Father,  
 Now my jewels be ;  
 For I thus delight to honour  
 All who work for me."

EKALENNA.



THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MARCH, 1869.

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A GLANCE AT THE JAMAICA  
MISSIONARY REPORT.



IN my last I told you of the ways in which some of our people provide money for the Missions; and now I want to give you another peep at their doings as shown in the Report. For we have an annual Report, printed and published in Jamaica. All who give as much as four shillings have their names in it, and have a copy given them.

If you could look through the fifty or sixty pages of our Report, you would find that many of the givers do not put down their names, but put the name of the thing or method by which they raised the money. Thus you would read entries like these: "Mission canes," (sugar-canes), "Missionary yams," "Missionary pig," "Plantain trees," "Draught of fishes," "Sale of calf," "Sale of milk," "Mission fowl," "Coffee-trees," "Proceeds of mat-making," "Missionary cocoa-nuts," "A weekly offering," &c.

On some sugar estates, where the sugar-cane is grown, and then ground and the sugar boiled out of it, rats are so destructive, that the planters offer so much a dozen for all the rats that are caught, in order to lead the men to destroy them. This, I judge, will explain the following entry in the Report, "Rats caught on *Spring Estate*, 13s."

Some time ago a water-spring broke out on the estate of the Custos, or chief magistrate of St. Ann. It tasted bitter and salt, and was said to be medicinal. At any rate it soon became famed for curing all sorts of diseases. Men and women walked many miles to get it. By day they might be seen travelling to "Windsor spring," with all sorts of vessels, generally calabashes, slung over their shoulders; and at night they slept in any shed, or in the open air. Some of them became quite wild about the water. The most wonderful cures were said to have been wrought by its use. Some of the ignorant ones began to talk all kinds of superstitious folly about it. One woman said she had been ill for years, and could not find out what was the matter with her, until she began to drink the water. Then, she declared, she was relieved of two large snakes, which had been in her body for years! They had

crept down her throat while she was asleep! Such is a specimen of the silly things that were said.

"However, the water seems to have done good in some cases. So we find in the Report as follows: "A gouty man, for the blessing of Windsor salt-spring water, 8s."

There are some very queer names and remarks to be read in the Report. Sometimes the subscriber is, or would like to appear, very learned, and signs himself, "Sigma," "Amicus," "Philo," "Ecce Homo," "A Philo-methodist," and, most wonderful of all, "Nunquam-posteascripides!" This, I suppose, is Jamaica Latin.

Sometimes the names are funny, or there are short descriptions; thus: "All I have, I give," "Tom, Dick and Harry," "Times are hard," "Kerosine," "A spirit," "An old sinner," "A great sinner," "A pilgrim," "A Jesuit," "Ch. Co. Hi. Ca," "Will o' the wisp," "Never mind," "Yellow and Blackfoot," "Poor me boy," "My better half and two children," "A chap."

Then there are to be found pious remarks: "An humble believer," "I give to the Lord," "The Lord will provide," "To the Father of mercies," "I shall trust in the Lord," "The Lord

is my helper," "I will not be weary," &c.

Sometimes we are informed about the contributors' circumstances, his country, or church. "A Baptist friend," "A Protestant," "An Arminian," "A Roman Catholic," "A Hebrew," "A Churchman," "A clerk," "A seaman," "A saddler," "A volunteer," "A druggist," "Out of great distress," "A

widow's mite," "An Englishman," "A Scotchman," "A Bahamian," "An exile," &c.

There are many other names entered, which I have not space to notice, such as "Piety," "Sympathy," "Love," "Christianity," &c. But I must now close my peep at the Jamaica Missionary Report.

*Ocho Rios.* HENRY BUNTING

#### A POOR NEGRO'S EXPERIENCE.



YEM-E-YE, or, as he was baptized, John Jackson, is a native of the far interior of Western Africa. It was his lot to be born in a land unvisited by the Missionary, unblest by the Bible, and uncheered by the name of Jesus. His home was a region upon which the Sun of Righteousness has never risen, but where the people have for long ages been sitting, and still sit, in darkness and in the shadow of death.

After John became a man he was sold as a slave, and brought down to Kumasi, the blood-stained capital of Ashanti. Being afraid to dwell in a town which boasts "blood never dry," he ran away, and was fortunate enough to reach Cape Coast,

which is a large town where the British flag waves, and, better still, where prayer is made, and hymns of praise are sung, and the Gospel preached.

Shortly after his arrival, John made the acquaintance of Christian friends, and was led to the sanctuary, where, for the first time in all his life, he heard the Word of God. The result was, he repented and believed the Gospel, and cast in his lot with the people of God.

The other day, while giving tickets to the class of which John is a member, I was touched with his simple statement, which, put into English, was as follows:—

"I am a poor stranger. I came from a very far-off land indeed. I thank my God very much for bringing me from Ka-

masi, where the (sacrificial) knife is constantly in use, and where my head might have been cut off before now, to this place, where all are free, and where His word is preached.

“When I reached here I felt myself quite free. I felt I had no master at all, but was perfectly free. So I said to myself, ‘I must take for my master that God who has been so kind as to bring me from that place where my life was in danger, to such a place as this. He must be served by me. My desire is to be His

faithful servant. I pray that as He has blessed me so greatly as to bring me here, so He may give me grace to serve Him till death, and then receive me to that glorious world.”

Dear children, give yourselves at once to that God through whose mercy you have been born in an enlightened, happy, Christian land, and blessed with parents that honour His name: or this poor negro will rise up in judgment against you at the last great day.

*Cape Coast.*

A. TAYLOR.

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#### OUR JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.



ALTHOUGH we have not heard from so many circuits as we expected about the doings of last year, yet we have had very good news from some, which our young friends will be glad to read.

From Eccles, in the Manchester fourth circuit, we hear that for many years they have been accustomed to have a Missionary-box in each Sunday-school class, which was passed round every Sunday, and opened once a quarter, the amount for each class being read out from the desk. An annual meeting was also held, and from fifteen to twenty pounds were raised every

year. As it was found that nearly all of this was got in the school, it was thought well to extend the work, and twenty children were appointed as collectors. These have raised above twelve pounds during the year, which has been divided between the Home and Foreign work. The school boxes are in advance of the year before, and have yielded twenty pounds. This has been done in a school of 250 children, without any great effort, but with attention and punctuality.

The Secretary of the Juvenile Association at Cottingham, in the Beverley circuit, writes—“We

introduced the Blake system into our village last year, and raised twenty-two pounds ; whereas, in 1866, the children collected as Christmas Offerings only twenty-eight shillings, and, in 1867, two pounds ; so that the amount raised is eleven times as much as formerly.

There is no good reason why there should not be as large an increase in five hundred places more during this year, if one or two in each place are willing to take up the work, and keep it going. Our young collectors have plenty of energy ; but they need some one to guide and encourage them. In the Southport circuit they have been doing very well. In the Sunday schools, each teacher has a book in which to put down subscriptions from the scholars themselves, and they find this answer better than the Missionary box. Then many of the scholars collect, and bring in the money every Sunday. Besides these, a new method has been tried, with much success. One defect in many of our Juvenile Associa-

tions is, that they confine the collecting almost entirely to the schools. At Southport they have engaged young people as collectors who do not belong to the Sunday schools, and have appointed persons to take charge of a certain number of these, and receive their money every week. The great advantage of this is, that it employs regularly, all the year round, those who used to collect just once a year for the Christmas Offering. In addition to all this, they have a yearly sale of work, managed by the young folks, which seems, last year to have been very successful. Altogether the Southport Juvenile Association raised last year, after paying expenses, two hundred and sixty-five pounds, which was divided equally between the Home and Foreign Missions. Thus, it seems, the Missionary Society gets nearly a hundred pounds more from the Southport children than it ever got before, while the Home Missions receive about a hundred and thirty pounds which is all new income.

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PORTRAIT OF A BRAHMAN PRIEST.



SOME of our young readers, as they look at the picture, will be ready to ask, "Is this a man

or a woman ? And what is that queer thing on the forehead and nose ?"

This is a Brahman priest, who



thinks his face is greatly beautified by that ugly mark. He is a follower of the Hindu god Vishnu, and the mark like a trident tells everybody he meets that he is so. Every morning, when he dresses himself, bathes and says his prayers, after he has washed his face he takes a paste made of yellow earth, and makes that middle mark just over his nose; then, with similar material, he puts a broad white line on each side, and joins them across his nose. To be without this mark he would consider worse than being without his clothes. A crowd of half naked Brahmans, all marked like this, makes one think of that verse in the Book of the Revelation, which speaks of the men who "worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in their forehead, or in their hand." (Rev. xiv. 9.)

Our friend, whose likeness we

give you, is a very respectable man, of gentle disposition, worshipped as a god by the followers of Vishnu. His mind is dark, deluded by superstition. If he were a Christian, he would be an intelligent, pleasant companion.

He is not usually dressed as you now see him, for he very rarely wears anything at all above his waist. But, as he wished to show his respect to English manners, he borrowed a shawl and turban to visit the Missionary, and have his likeness taken.

Pray, dear young friends, when you pray for yourselves, that this priest, and the multitudes of his countrymen, may accept the Gospel, and, being saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, may, instead of this ugly mark of heathenism, receive the seal of God in their foreheads.

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### NOTIONS OF BEAUTY.



**I**n the Hindu sacred books are directions for choosing a wife. Among other qualities, they say she should "walk gracefully, like a young elephant." In one

of these books it said of a young lady, who is described as a model of beauty, that "her gait was like that of a drunken elephant, or a goose!"

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NOTES FROM A CHINESE MISSION SCHOOL AT  
SINGAPORE



On putting the question to my class, "Were one of you sure of dying to-morrow, what would you do to-day?" one said, "I should be getting my grave ready" (a very important business amongst the Chinese); but another replied, "I would strongly believe in Jesus." I now number seven girls, of whom I have good hope that they have passed from death unto life.

Chunió brings me verses full of the Lord being her strength. Her young sister repeats such psalms as "Hide not thy face from me."

In 1845 Miss Grant found that her elder girls grew bolder in acknowledging religion in the presence of their friends. Haneó was in the habit of collecting the other children round her, and not only teaching them, but exhorting them, and that with strong crying and tears, to receive the truth into their hearts.

One Sabbath evening, at eight o'clock, the children were all seated at the foot of their little cots, and Haneó was in the middle describing the love of *the crucified Redeemer*. Then

she turned, and, addressing two of the most careless by name, warned them of their danger. Her own mother was present, and to her she addressed the most fervent entreaties not to cast her mercies from her. The effect produced on her little congregation was most powerful. Her elder sister sobbed aloud, and some of the little ones who had lain down to sleep awoke by her voice, and were sitting up, leaning on their elbows, looking at her with amazement.

Another Sabbath incident, though very trifling in itself, was really very pleasing. Miss Grant was looking through her Venetian blinds when she saw a nice little simple-hearted child named Amoy come from underneath the verandah. Then she stopped and looked eagerly around, as if fearful of observation. Imagining that no one saw her, she darted over a flower-bed, and plunged herself in the midst of a thick plant, the leaves of which almost entirely hid her. There she knelt down, clasped her hands, and began to pray. Only the words "*pardon*" and "*very kind*" were distinctly heard by Miss Gaant. But all



THE  
SON OF MAN  
IS  
COME TO SAVE  
THAT WHICH  
WAS LOST.

St. MATTHEW xviii. 11.

was heard by the Lord Jesus, oratory when she sprung up and  
 who no doubt sent answers of darted away, singing one of their  
 peace. Amoy had not been hymn tunes as gaily as a lark.—  
 above five minutes in her leafy *Missionary News.*

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A PRAYER FOR INDIA.

*From the "Christian Miscellany" for September 1858.*



GRACIOUS Father, King of nations,  
 Look on India in her woe ;  
 Full of cruel habitations,  
 Held in bondage by the foe ;  
 King of Glory,  
 Now thy might and mercy show.

Lord, how long shall gloom and sadness,  
 Idol-gods, with blood-stain'd hands,  
 Moslem pride, and heathen madness,  
 Darken and pollute the land ?  
 Mighty Saviour,  
 Let them flee at Thy command.

Look, O Lord, in great compassion  
 On Thy servants labouring there :  
 Let the joy of Thy salvation  
 Nerve their heart, and banish fear.  
 Blessed Saviour,  
 Keep them in Thy holy care.

Let the prayer of saints and martyrs,  
 Now, O Lord, remember'd be ;  
 Pour the tide of living waters  
 Where they toiled and died for Thee.  
 King of Glory,  
 Set the sin-bound millions free.

♩ 7, 8 7, 4 7.

# LODIANA,

Composed by L. A. E.  
1852.

GRA - cious Fa - ther, King of na - tions,

Look on In - dia in her woe,


Fall of cru - el ha - bi - ta - tions,

Held in bend - age by the fee;

King of glo - ry, King of glo - ry,

Now Thy might and mer - cy shew.

### DEVIL-WORSHIP IN TINNEVELLY.

HEN wicked men die it is supposed their souls become demons, and occupy themselves in plaguing, tormenting, and, if possible, killing every one they come near. In order to propitiate them the heathen demon-worshippers build small mud temples at the entrance of every village, with a projection like a chancel, in which an altar and idol is placed. They then choose a priest, who receives all that is offered to the demon, and into whom the Evil Spirit is supposed to have entered.

When the demon is to be consulted the priest prepares, by fasting, bathing, and anointing himself with oil.

He dresses in a sacred garment, on which figures of demons are painted, holds a three-pronged fork and a heavy club in his hands, awaiting the spirit, while a band of musicians sing its praises. Soon the priest

pretends to feel the demon's influence, and begins to dance, twisting his body, brandishing his club, shaking his trident, or three-pronged fork, and uttering words supposed to be inspired by the evil spirit.

About five miles from Christianagram there is a shrine of a famous female demon, in whose honour a great feast is yearly, in midsummer, held, at which more than 4000 goats are sacrificed.


That this demon hates them, and thirsts for their blood, is the belief of the poor heathen, therefore they offer animals to appease her.

All round the place in which the fair is held fires are lighted, cooking and feasting goes on, while the temple court is reeking with gore.

In the midst of such scenes the Missionaries preach the blood of Christ as the only means of rescue from satanic power.

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### BLACKBERRIES.

HEN of the young members of the Missionary-box Association in America, during the season, gathered blackberries and sold them, putting the money into

the Missionary-box. Now that the blackberries are gone, and the frost has come, we shall probably hear of his gathering nuts for the same purpose. That boy is a Missionary.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

APRIL, 1869.



HAPPY DEATH OF  
A WEST AFRICAN.

MISSIONARIES are often asked what effect their preaching produces upon those that listen to it, a question which they triumphantly answer by referring to the consistent lives and peaceful deaths of native converts.

A hundred years ago John Wesley said of the Methodists, "Our people die well;" and, blessed be God, many a Missionary can say the same to-day.

Lucy Gibbs, for that was her English name, was for years a member of our Society at a small interior station. She was never able to read a letter or speak a word of English, for when schools were first established in her country *she* was no longer a girl. However, her recent



death has proved that she was taught of the Lord, and

"Wise to salvation He made her through faith."

Just before her departure she told her daughter that she "died happy in the Lord, and left her in the hands of that God who could take care of her, and supply all her wants." She then "commended her son to the Lord Jesus, who alone could support him in all times of trouble."

To her sorrowing partner she said, "My dear beloved husband, I have nothing to leave you: but the God whom you served before our marriage, and whom you serve still, will sustain you, and guide you through all the afflictions and sufferings of this present life, and bring us to see each other's face again in the kingdom of heaven, if you con-

tinue to put your whole confidence in Him."

She reminded all present of St. Peter's words, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

She said she was a sinner, but Jesus had died for her, therefore she had peace and joy, and was happy in going home to her Father.

She felt great bodily pain; but her spirit "rejoiced in Christ her Saviour." Some of her last words were, "I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, but His rod and staff comfort me."

O may we triumph so,  
When all our warfare's past;  
And dying, find our latest foe  
Under our feet at last.

7th Dec. 1868.

A. TAYLOR.

#### A REPROOF.



N Australian native said to a white man who had known him for above twenty years, and then after so long a time, first warned him of the dan-

ger to which his soul was exposed—

"If you know all this time that black fellow going to hell, why you no tell black fellow till now?"

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A MISSION IN CHINA.



CHILD'S PRAYER.—Not many years ago a fearful storm swept away the houses of the Mis-

sionaries, and put the inmates in great peril. We were most kindly entertained for months by friends.

One evening I heard sounds coming from a room, which led me to listen ; when I found that a child, one of our Mission scholars, was kneeling with her heathen mother, commending both to the care of a merciful God.

Not many months after, the mother applied to be baptized as a Christian ; and when we had satisfied ourselves that she was sincere, and showed signs of a changed heart, she received baptism in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. After a year or two of consistent conduct she was employed as a Bible-woman, and is now working very usefully in connection with our Mission in Canton.

Who can tell how much that dear child's prayers had to do with this delightful result ?

**A VETERAN MISSIONARY.**—Not long since, a Christian Missionary passed away to his reward, who, for a long time, had laboured hard and well in the service of his Master. He preached, and taught, and wrote as long as he could ; and, when brought very low by nervous weakness, he still worked for Christ, by talking to the Chinese people, and distributing copies of the New Testament and tracts.

One summer's evening I saw the old man, bowed down with age and feebleness, standing at his door, and, with trembling hand, giving away portions of the word of life to passers-by. I watched the good old saint, and admired his zeal for God, and love for souls. A company of children came up, and said, "Please, grandfather, give me a book." The aged man smiled, and talked lovingly to the children, trying to lead them to know Him, who, when on earth, welcomed and blessed the little ones. Was not this scene a beautiful accomplishment of the wish we sometimes sing,

"Preach Him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold, behold, the Lamb?"

**THE POWER OF LOVE.**—One day I called upon a brother Missionary, and was told that a poor Chinawoman, raving mad, had been brought, and was shut up in a small, dark room. No Chinese would go near, because they believed she was possessed of the evil one.

It seemed that she had lost her husband in battle, and was afterwards ill-treated by the rebels, so that grief and suffering had brought her into her present distracted state. She had with her an only child, and sometimes fondled it, and sometimes used it cruelly. She

would not eat, or change her clothes. There she stood, or reclined, sometimes laughing, sometimes crying, and sometimes raving in terrible madness.

While the country-people of this poor sufferer stood by, none daring to go to her, there came a Christian, a tall, thin, calm-looking lady, the daughter of the old Missionary, about whom I have just written, and herself a Missionary's wife. She could speak Chinese like a native. She now opened the door, said kind, soothing words to the

sufferer, calmed her, took off her filthy rags, washed her, clothed her decently, and persuaded her to eat.


Never shall I forget the sight. It made me feel more than ever the meaning of the Judge's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

That good, loving lady has now followed her father to heaven. Both have died since I left China.

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## THE WASHERMAN AND THE POTTER.

### A BURMESE STORY.

 EN the olden time a potter envied a washerman, who had grown rich by his trade, and lived in a very showy style. The envious potter made up his mind to spoil his show: and this was how he tried to do it.

He went to the king, and said, "Your Majesty's royal elephant is black; but if you were to order the washerman to wash it white, would you not become "Lord of the white elephant?" This he said, not because he wanted the king to have the glory of possessing a white elephant, but because he hoped

that the washerman, failing in his task, would be ruined.

Then the king, hearing the potter's advice, thought him sincere; and being, as you may think, rather foolish, although he was a king, he sent for the washerman, and bade him wash the black elephant white. But the washerman knew the trick which the potter had played him, and answered wisely, "Our art requires that, when we bleach cloth, we should first boil it in a boiler with soap and water, and then rub it well. In this way only can your majesty's elephant be made white."

The king, hearing this, and knowing that it was no business of the washerman's to make boilers, sent for the potter, and said, "Hi, you potter! A pot is wanted to lather my elephant in: go and make one large enough."


The potter on receiving this order, gathered his relatives and friends, and, after they had got together a vast quantity of clay, he made a huge pot, big enough to hold the elephant. When it was done he showed it to the king. It was then handed over to the washerman, who put into it soap and water, and made all preparation as if he were really going to bleach the elephant. Then the elephant was brought, but as soon as it put

its great heavy foot on the pot it broke it all in peices.

After this, the potter had to set to work to make another, yes, and many others; for they were either too thick, so that the water could not be made to boil in them, or they were made too thin, and the elephant smashed through them. In this way, being always at work making great pots, which were of no use, his proper business was neglected, and, instead of injuring the washerman, he was ruined himself.

Thus is taught the lesson that those, who try to do harm to others, will find their evil means turn against themselves. The poor man will not grow rich by plotting against the wealthy.

### THE STORY OF GUAPUNG.

 NCE, when the American Missionary, Dr. Judson, had gone up the river Salween, in Burmah, to visit some villages inhabited by a people called Karens, a woman, named Guapung had watched his boat as it came near, and had ventured to the river bank to see the strangers land. Dr. Judson noticed her, and, holding out his hand, kindly asked her how she was. The poor woman was *astonished*, for she was not

used to being treated so well. She said to her brother, "I have seen one of the sons of God."

"Did he speak?"

"Yes, and he gave me his hand."

Guapung's brother thought she had not behaved rightly in shaking hands with a foreigner, and he repeated what she had said to her husband. Her husband was so angry when he heard it that he beat her severely.

Guapung considered in her heart how differently the white

man and her husband behaved, and she said to herself, "Ever since I was a child I have served Gaudama, (her idol); but he has never kept my husband from beating me. This white man spoke kindly to me: his God must be the true God. I will worship Him."

So she made a prayer to the foreigner's God, whom she did not know, and this was the prayer she made:—"Great King, Mighty Judge, Father God, Lord God, Uncle or Honourable God, the Righteous One! In the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the seas, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, pity me, I pray! Show me Thy glory, that I may know Thee, who Thou art!"

For five years Guapung prayed that prayer constantly, and then another white teacher came to the village, and Guapung

went and sat at his feet to listen to his words, as many sat at the feet of Jesus. This teacher staid for nine days, and then left. At last Miss Macomber came to stay as a teacher among the Karens, and Guapung, by degrees, learned who the God and the Righteous One was to whom she had so long prayed. She came to love the God whom we worship with all her heart, for she learned how wonderfully He had loved her. She was a great help to Miss Macomber during her stay there, and also to the Missionaries who came after.

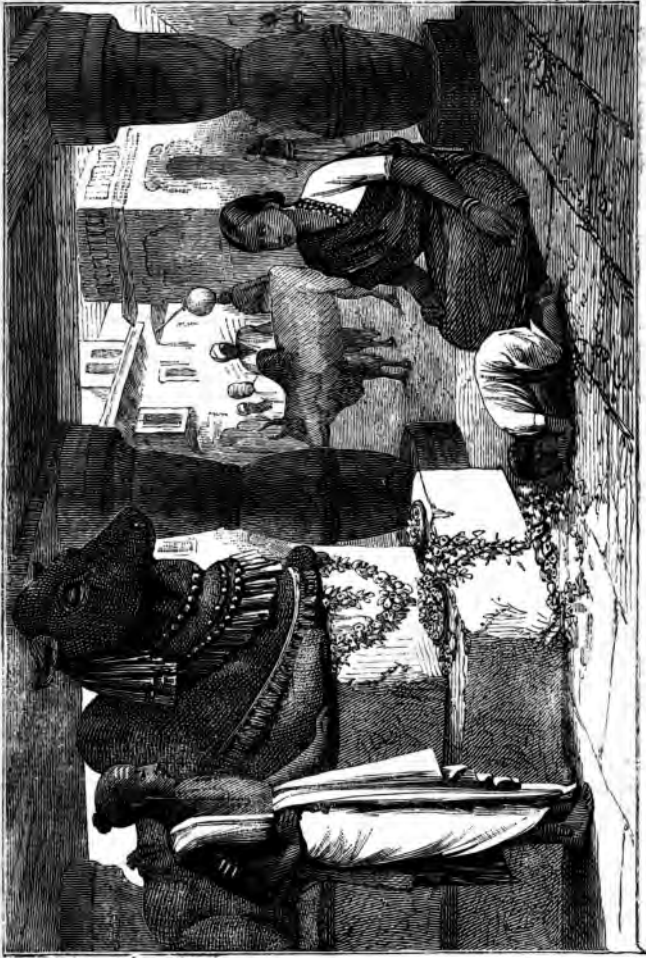
Guapung tried to teach the people to love one another. She did all she could to show the women how they might persuade their husbands to be kinder, and that it was possible to make their children obedient without beating them.—(From *The White Foreigners*: Religious Tract Society.)

#### A YOUNG IDOLATER.



UR little readers will recollect our account of the king who worshipped a cow every morning, and the picture of the dying Brahman holding the cow's tail. Here you see a little boy being taught by his mother to pray to a stone bull. The god Shiva is said to ride upon a bull, and

therefore all the followers of Shiva, worship it. Is not this like making a polite bow to a horse instead of to the gentleman upon its back? In all parts of India images of the bull are found. They are often very large, more than twenty feet long, and sometimes not more than half an inch. Incense is



burned before them; flowers put upon their breasts; garlands and strings of bells round their necks; and the people walk three times round them.

Some devout people consecrate bulls to Shiva. These are stamped with a seal that all people respect, and turned loose. They go in and out of the temples and people's houses at pleasure, help themselves from the baskets of grain and other things in the open shops, no one daring to interfere with them, and get so bold as to be dangerous.


Oxen are used for riding, drawing carriages, common carts, ploughs, harrows, &c., as horses

are in England. But the followers of Shiva do not work their oxen on Monday. This is their day of rest.

But oh how sad to see people bowing down to and worshipping as God a bull made of wood, or stone, or metal, or mud! Millions of little children are now being taught to do this. But many of them in Missionary schools learn that "an idol is nothing in the world, and there is no other God but one." These refuse to bow down to an image, and many of their parents, who are pleased to hear what their children learn in the schools, acknowledge that it is wrong to worship idols.

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#### A MISSIONARY'S WIDOW IN BURMAH.

 ARRIVED among the Burmans with my husband, who assisted Dr. Judson in translating the Bible into the language of the country. It pleased God to take him from me. I was alone in the midst of strangers, asking myself if I was really able to pursue my task, until one of the natives came to ask me "to instruct him in my religion." Was I able to do this—I, a poor woman left in the midst of all these heathens? Prayer gave me *courage*: I opened my Bible, *and, commencing at the begin-*

ning, I read of the creation of the world, of Adam and Eve, of the promise of the Messiah, the deluge, the patriarchs, the prophets, and Jesus Christ. My hearer was quite astonished. "There is nothing like that in our book. It is wonderful," said he. When I stopped he said, "Give me that book." I was only able to lend it to him. He carried it away full of joy. Some time afterwards I saw a crowd surrounding a man. I approached. What was my surprise to recognise the man who had asked me for my Bible. He was





reading and explaining the passages I had read to him. In the end this man believed and was baptized, then his wife, and then some others. He himself became, after some time, pastor of our first Christian Church. When I saw round about me a little group of believers, I proposed to them a Missionary journey into the surrounding places. My proposal was accepted. "I would gladly go," said one, "but my infant detains me." "I have one also," cried her neighbour, "but I will take care of the two while you speak of Jesus, and you can do the same when I speak in my turn." Having assembled, an oxen being yoked to our waggon, at the appointed time we entered it, having taken for our text during the journey, "Casting the seed upon the waters." We set out singing hymns. Arrived at a river, the people descended to cross the ford on foot. Remaining alone in the waggon, I addressed a few words to my conductor. He could not read, but he had a good memory, and I taught him the whole of the hymn

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

When I had got to the other side, I looked at my companions: they were speaking to the poor heathens who were filling their *pitchers at the river*. Thus each

of us "cast the seed on the waters." As we went forward our children endeavoured to teach the other children a verse or a line of a hymn; our women spoke to the women; our men distributed our books. I offered one to a priest clothed in a yellow robe. He covered his face, and said to me in a low voice, "I cannot take it from the hand of a white woman." Then I let the book fall to the ground, and I saw afterwards that he had picked it up. We saw others on foot, and even on the branches of trees. We returned home, having seen fruit of our labours. When I wished to pay my conductor, he said, with tears in his eyes, "No madam, it is not you who should pay me, but I who should pay you. You have spoken of the blood of Jesus, and I know that He has died for me, notwithstanding all my sins." A few days after I was told that strangers wished to see me. Touched by the death of some Christian Karens, and having dared to speak of it to their priests, they had been compelled to take an oath that they would never enter into a Christian house or church, and never speak a word to Christians, or read one of their books. But they had found one on a tree, "which only God could have put there," they said:

“then we read it, and we wish we not got souls also? Shall we to know more.” One of them think of them?” And I found was baptized shortly afterwards. them much better disposed than The inhabitants of the village in the past. We have now did not cease to speak of our many pastors, and a church of our Missionary expedition. “The 200 sincere Christians, without white lady goes to speak to other counting 500 or 600 nominal people about their souls, have ones.

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 WITH JESUS.


THE following lines, on the death of the wife of the Rev. Henry Bunting, were written by a young man, who was educated in one of our Methodist day-schools in Jamaica, and also attended one of our Sunday-schools, of which he is now the superintendent. He is a useful local preacher as well.

Mrs. Bunting's last words were : “ I am going to be with Jesus. Oh it is sweet to be with Jesus !” She then leaned back her head, and a heavenly smile played on her face as if she gazed on some glory which we could not see. She passed away so gently—like a little child going to sleep in its mother's bosom—that we could scarcely believe she was gone.

“ I'm going to be with Jesus,

The dying sufferer said ;

“ I'm going to be with Jesus,”

And gently sank her head.

“ I'm going to be with Jesus,

Though willing I would stay ;

I'm going to be with Jesus,

In realms of endless day.

I'm going to be with Jesus,

To dwell by His blest side ;

I'm going to be with Jesus,”

She said, and gently died.

She has gone to be with Jesus ;

The thought our spirit cheers ;

She has gone to be with Jesus,

Where sorrow sheds no tears.

## WITH JESUS.

She has met again her mother,  
With whom she long'd to be ;  
She has joined again her sister,  
Whom oft she wish 'd to see.

She has met again in Jesus,  
Those lov'd ones gone before ;  
They mingle songs of praises,  
Where parting is no more.

She has won the race in Jesus,  
And now the crown she wears ;  
She has fought the fight in Jesus,  
And now the palm she bears.

She joins above the ransom'd throng,  
And strikes her harp of gold ;  
She swells with them the new made song  
Of Jesu's love untold.

She dwells above with Jesus,  
That Saviour lov'd so dear,  
For whom she liv'd and labour'd  
In sojourn with us here.

She walks in white with Jesus,  
Her pains and sorrows o'er ;  
She reigns enthron'd with Jesus,  
On Canaan's happy shore.

She waits in heaven with Jesus,  
To welcome us at last ;  
And at His feet adoring,  
Our crowns together cast.

She is waiting to receive us,  
To join her in the song  
That's sung in praise of Jesus  
Through endless ages long.

Then let us go to Jesus,  
While here on earth we stay,  
And, like her, sleep in Jesus,  
When we are called away.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MAY, 1869.



A VISIT TO ANEGADA.

PERHAPS very few of our young readers know anything about the little island of Anegada. Looking in the map, they will find it one of the tiny specks of land dotting the Caribbean sea. It is one of the smallest of the cluster called the Virgin Islands, and differs very much from all the rest in its appearance. Most of the others are mountainous, and, rising at a great height above the sea, may be seen from a long distance, their green slopes, and bright patches of cultivation forming a very lovely and refreshing picture. But Anegada cannot boast of a single hill; and the appearance of two tall cocoanut-trees is the first sign which the traveller sees of his approach to land. No rich fields of sugarcane are to be found; for the ground is too hard and rocky for its growth. Here and there are little plots of land where corn and vegetables are planted. It is supposed that the island

has been raised above the surface of the water by volcanic action ; and the many surrounding reefs seem to confirm this opinion. In the neighbourhood is the famous and dangerous "Horse-shoe Reef," where many vessels have struck and gone to pieces, and where, but for the readiness with which the islanders came in their boats to the rescue, many travellers must have perished. One splendid steamer, on her first voyage from England, was wrecked here, and completely destroyed. Providentially no lives were lost, and the rich cargo was saved, and taken to some other island to be sold.

I shall not soon forget my visit to Anegada. On a pleasant morning in March we left Tortola. The sky was bright, the breeze in our favour, and the vessel danced merrily over the waves. Towards sunset we anchored ; for, owing to the almost numberless shoals, no vessel can come very near the shore. We soon, however, spied a boat coming to take us off. We got into it, and were pulled quickly along by two sturdy rowers, until the sand stopped us, but not for long ; for a tall black man took me in his arms, saying, "Me carry Missie on shore good." Looking round, I

saw my husband riding on the shoulders of another of these good people.

The next day we worshipped in the pretty little chapel, built a few years ago by the Rev. James Edney. Many were the kind welcomes we received. The people were greatly delighted that their rocky coast and troublesome landing had not frightened "Missie." They said I was the first English lady who had, from choice, visited them. Two or three had been wrecked, and compelled to shelter there.

On the Monday morning we visited the day-school, and seldom have we been more pleased or interested. As we entered, the children rose, and sang a verse of the national anthem. Dear as those strains always are to a British heart, they have a peculiar sweetness when, four thousand miles from our native land, we hear children singing forth, "God save the Queen."

A chapter in the New Testament was well read by the scholars, and a number of Bible questions were readily and correctly answered. Their minister examined them in their various studies, spelling, geography, grammar and arithmetic—both mental and with the slate—and

all their replies were very satisfactory. The master, whose whole soul seemed to be in his work, questioned them on many different subjects. Then followed an exercise, which gave much delight to the children, while it brought out their powers of thought and memory. One scholar stood out from the rest, who forthwith pelted him with questions. As long as he could answer promptly he kept his post; but the moment he failed, or even faltered, another gave the answer, and took his place.

The master told me that an English captain had once visited the school, and was so much delighted with the children's knowledge of geography, that he sent them a set of maps. I was very much pleased to find, on his mentioning this gentleman's name, that he was the same captain who had lately brought me out from England.

By the kindness of dear friends at home, we got for these interesting children a set of coloured pictures on natural history. Great was their joy in receiving them; and I have now before me a kind little note, written by one of the scholars, and signed by several others, expressing their pleasure and gratitude.

Soon after our visit fever

broke out in the island, and some of these dear children died. The schoolmaster lost two of his own four children. One, a little boy of seven years old, made a very happy end. He was calm and happy in prospect of death, giving his little possessions—goats, fowls &c.—to his brother, “because he was a good boy.” A little book which I had given him was counted a special treasure, and put aside for a favourite schoolfellow. He often sang, “Sweet rest in heaven;” especially the verse beginning,

“Our Saviour will be with us,  
Ev'n to our journey's end.”

He said to his father, “I am going to be with the Saviour, with Jesus.” And thus peacefully did this dear little black boy's ransomed spirit pass through the pearly gates into the presence of that Saviour, who, when on earth, said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;” and declared “that in heaven, their angels do always behold the face of His Father.”

Will not these true tidings of the children in far-off lands encourage our dear young friends at home still to give, to labour, and to pray on their behalf?

ANNIE.

St. Martin.

## RICHARD'S SIXPENCE.



YOU must have an overflowing charity purse, Mrs. Allen; you always give with such a liberal hand: won't you tell us that secret?"

"My dear Richard planted his sixpence," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Richard, your son Richard, planted sixpence? How singular?" exclaimed Mrs. Knapp and another intimate neighbour, both looking doubtful. "We should never have imagined such a thing. Now for the story, Mrs. Allen."

"Well, one pleasant spring evening, soon after the death of my husband, Richard entered the cottage, threw his arms around my neck, and, kissing me, said, 'The gardener will employ me. I'm not too young. Look, mother, I've brought my first earnings,' and he placed in my hands two sixpenny pieces."

"My noble, unselfish boy, I cannot take it all: you must keep one piece to spend as you like," said I, smiling through my tears.

"The next evening Richard's return was unusually quiet. 'I'm so sorry,' he said in a low voice. 'The sixpence is planted to do good. My first thought,

was to put it into the Missionary-box; and then poor little Nellie came into my mind; and then the text I learned last Sabbath seemed to stand before my eyes, *He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.* And after thinking and thinking a long time, I asked God to accept my sixpence, and make it to grow and do good!"

"And you know, my son, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," said I, interrupting him.

"Yes, mother dear, I want to tell you how strange it was. The gardener asked me what I did with my shilling; and when I told him, he said, 'Give me the sixpence, my lad, and tell me the wish of your heart.'

"I hope you did, my son?"

"I told him all about it, mother, and he listened very attentively. After a little while he said very kindly, 'I'm glad you asked God to direct you; that was the right way to begin.' Then he gave me some radish-seed. After directing and watching me plant the seed, he pointed to the bed, and surprised me much by saying, 'There, Richard Allen, you've planted your sixpence. May

God keep you stedfast, and help you to sow widely.'

"Late in the summer, Richard brought home an amount of money much larger than his weekly payment. His arms clasped around my neck as he whispered, 'God has put it into the gardener's heart to carry my radishes to the market and dispose of them profitably.'

"And thus his Christian friend, the gardener, often helped him, until Richard was enabled, slowly but steadily, to do good unto all men. Little by little

he purchased first one patch of ground and then another, which have long since grown into broad acres; and he always remembers to increase his benevolent offerings in proportion as God has prospered him. 'Give and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.'"

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#### A LETTER TO THE SAVIOUR.

**T**HE following story is told about a little German boy whose name was Karl. Before his father died he was often told that when he got a little bigger he would be sent to a Moravian school; but after his father's death his mother was left very poor, and found it difficult to get food and clothing for little Karl. What was the boy to do? Reading in the Bible the many stories of how Christ helped the poor; how He opened the eyes of the blind, and made the deaf hear, and the lame to walk; how He fed the hungry multitudes with bread and fish;

yea, and even made the fish in the sea to bring up money when it was needed; poor little Karl said, "Ah, He would be the one to help me if I could only get to Him!" He studied long and hard for a plan. At last he said, "I know what I will do: I will write Him a letter." This he did in the German language, and nearly in the following words;

*"My dear Saviour, Jesus Christ: I have lost my father. We are very poor, but thou hast said in thy word that all we ask for in thy name God will do it for us. I believe what thou hast said, Lord Jesus. I pray thee, them,*



Oh my God, in the name of Jesus, to give my mother money to send me to the good Moravian school, where the boys get to be wise and good. Then I can serve thee and help mother. Good-bye.

KARL —.

The letter was then folded and addressed, "To our Lord Jesus Christ, in Heaven." Away he ran with it to the post-office, and dropped it in the letter-box with a hopeful heart. After a short time the postmaster was sorting his letters, when he came to this one, "To the Lord Jesus Christ, in Heaven." But how was he to send it there? No railroad or steambot goes to that place. "Oh, I guess some crazy person has written it." And so he threw it aside.

After the day's work was over he took up the letter and opened it. His heart was touched by it, and so he gave it to a Moravian friend, who read it aloud at church. A rich lady listened to its touching appeal,


and sent an answer to Karl, saying that she answered it for the Lord Jesus, and would send him to that school. Oh how glad little Karl was for this kind answer to his letter.

Now, dear children, you and I know of a quicker and better way to make our wants and wishes known to the Lord than to send them by a slow mail train. A simple look of faith will do. Christ says, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

I am satisfied that a great many little boys and girls will read this chapter who do not appreciate the high privileges and the sweet blessings which they enjoy. May the good Lord help us to put a proper estimate upon them!—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

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### THE COLOMBO BRIDGE OF BOATS.

ERE is a picture of a strange sort of bridge for a high road. You may be sure it is a far pleasanter thing to look at than to cross it. Before the Ceylon

railway was opened, the only road from Colombo to Kandy lay over this clumsy arrangement; and the old coach used to rattle across it at a tremendous speed, as if the driver took a



pleasure in making the passengers feel they had bones which could be put out of joint, and that he knew how to manage it for them. The road to Negombo, also, a town about twenty-five miles north of Colombo, lies over the bridge. But the coachman is rather more considerate, and seldom wounds the feelings of his passengers more than he can help. Any way, at the best of times, and at the slowest of speeds, it is a most undesirable way of crossing a wide river.

The boats are like good-sized barges, fastened alongside of each other with chains, and well anchored. Across these boats are laid two long rows of planks, and across these again the loose covering boards, put slantwise, and threatening to separate from each other, and let you into the water, at every step. These boards are not fastened in any way, except by the moveable rough planks, on which are fixed those large posts; and through these posts a strong rope is passed to keep people from tumbling overboard.

The banks on either side of this river are rather high; so that, unless the river should be unusually full, you have a little hill of planks to go down, and *another to go up*, before your

crossing is finished; and to these hills your horse will show a decided objection.

I cannot tell you exactly the length of this bridge, but believe it to be fifty three feet, and, for the pleasure or advantage of using it, you pay a toll of one shilling and sixpence—the usual sum for all tolls in Ceylon.

Every day, at a certain hour, two of the boats are removed, and the covering boards taken up, to let other boats and rafts, laden with fruit, vegetables and other goods, pass and repass.

We were once unfortunate enough to arrive from Negombo, just as the bridge had been “unpicked,” and it was no small trial of our patience to be kept waiting for more than half an hour in the sun, till the allotted time had expired.

Some day, no doubt, a proper bridge will be built, which, it is said, will be neither a very difficult or costly undertaking.

I don't know when the artist could have taken this picture, for there is nobody in sight. Generally you may see scores of bullock-bandies (carts) and foot passengers crossing and re-crossing, and, every now and then, a few carriages also.

It is from the country on the other side of this Kalany river that most of the supplies for the



Colombo market are obtained ; and there is therefore always plenty of traffic.

I ought not to forget to tell you that the lamps are only tin imitations of those you see in England ; and, being lit with cocoa-nut oil instead of gas, and being placed far apart, their effect is not very brilliant.

The houses which you see are shops or stores ; but you would not care much for the things sold in them. Hot chillies, limes, turmeric, ginger, dried maldine fish called *umbalakada*, and other things used for flavouring curries ; and, perhaps, a few plantains and yams, a bottleful of balls of cotton, and another with papers of rusty needles ; perhaps a few old locks, and some ancient crockery sent out from England twenty years ago ; and, amongst the heaps of rice, of all sorts and prices, some few ink-bottles.

We have a chapel within a quarter of a mile of this bridge, and a school attended by twenty-five boys. The inhabitants of this part of Colombo are, most of them, very careless about religion, and many are the discouragements of our native minister who resides there. There are, however, eighteen members of the Society in his Circuit, besides those who attend the services. You will be interested

in hearing about the son of one of these members.

The boy was always regular at the chapel, and also remained with his mother at the class-meeting, though not reckoned a member. Last April he was taken very ill ; and it soon was seen that death was at hand. Towards the end of May Mr. Ferdinando, the minister, happening to call one day, found him fast sinking. He said to him ; "There is no hope for you in this world : are you afraid to die ?" "I am not," he replied. Mr. Ferdinando asked, "How is that ? You will have to leave your dear mother." "It is quite true," he answered ; "but I am going to the kingdom of heaven, where there is eternal happiness." "How do you know that you are going to heaven ?" asked the minister. "I believe in Jesus," was his reply ; "and I feel that He has washed me from all my sins ; therefore I am sure God will take me to heaven."

Mr. Ferdinando read and prayed with him, spoke for some time of the love of the Saviour, and then took his leave. Shortly afterwards, a Christian friend calling, told him to "hold fast to Jesus." The dying boy answered, "There is no one for me except Jesus." Later in the day

he used his little remaining strength in recommending the Saviour, whom he loved, to those who stood round his bed, and that night his spirit fled away.

Another Singhalese boy was

added to the number of those who have struggled through their latest passion to their dear Redeemer's breast.

*Ceylon.*

MARY.

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### THE "MISSIONARY RABBITS."



OW long have you had them?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Oh, I've kept rabbits two years: I've had good success. I've sold twenty for fifty cents a piece."

"Twenty! so you have earned ten dollars. That's a fortune for a boy like you. What have you done with it?"

"Why, I paid two dollars a couple of months ago for the 'silver springs' and their new hutch, and I've spent a dollar for feed and repairs."

"That leaves seven dollars. Did you buy books?"

"No, sir; father buys my books."

"Did you buy clothes?"

"No; father gets them, too."

"Well, you didn't pay for your schooling, eh? Did you get playthings or sweetmeats?"

"No, Uncle Ben; these have always been my Missionary rabbits. I got them for that. All the money goes for the Mission-

aries. I wish it were twice as much. You can't think the good it does me to think I'm helping to send the Bible, and convert the heathen. Do you know, Uncle Ben, I've a notion that when I get to be a man, I shall carry the Bible to the heathen myself—be a Missionary, you know?"

"Whew!" whistled Uncle Ben, "that's looking a long way ahead. Come, tell the truth," he added very seriously, "wouldn't you enjoy this money more if it bought you cakes, and candies, and fishing rods? Does not some one make you give it away?"


"No, indeed, Uncle; no one asks me to give it; but I love to give it. You know, Uncle,—and Harry spoke reverently—"Jesus Christ gave His own life for us"

"Ah! Harry, we forget that too often. You have reproved me by your example, my boy. Deacon Day was over here yea-

terday, asking me to give some- just run over and tell him to  
 thing to the Missions, and I told put down my name for forty  
 him I couldn't afford it. You dollars."

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 CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

 HILDREN for the heathen pray,  
 Far in distant lands away,  
 Who of God are never taught,  
 Never to His temple brought,  
 But to idols, wood and stone,  
 In their ignorance bow down.

You the holy Bible have,  
 Telling Christ the world can save ;  
 They have never heard His name,  
 Know not how to earth He came ;  
 In their darkness, too, they die :  
 Will you not to help them try ?

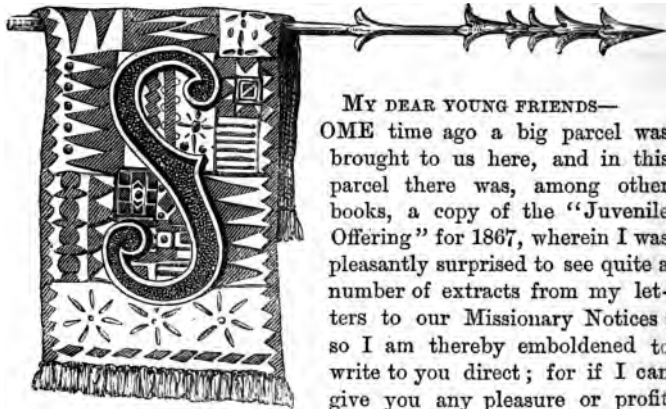
They possess a soul like you,  
 Though depraved by sin 'tis true ;  
 Yet do not their race despise :  
 None are clean in God's pure eyes,  
 Till their sins be washed away,  
 As in Jesus' blood they may.

Pray, then, that the light from Heaven  
 May to their dark minds be given ;  
 Pray and help to send the Book,  
 Which to Christ shall bid them look ;  
 Pray for ministers to teach,  
 Jesus crucified to preach.

Children of this favour'd land,  
 Give to Jesus heart and hand—  
 Heart to love and hand to do,  
 Whatsoe'er He findeth you ;  
 Since the Gospel light you see,  
 Christians seek indeed to be.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JUNE, 1869.



MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—  
SOME time ago a big parcel was brought to us here, and in this parcel there was, among other books, a copy of the “Juvenile Offering” for 1867, wherein I was pleasantly surprised to see quite a number of extracts from my letters to our Missionary Notices ; so I am thereby emboldened to write to you direct ; for if I can give you any pleasure or profit by telling you of what we see and

hear in Fiji, I am sure that I shall be very happy indeed to write as often as I have anything to tell. I have never seen you, and you have never seen me, nor is it likely that we shall meet in this world ; for I do not expect ever again to set my foot on the shore of dear old England : but yet I call you “my dear young friends,” and this, too, from the very bottom of my heart ; for I



am an Englishman, the very soul of me, loving everything English, and, most of all, English children. I often wish that I could stand up before you in your Sunday schools, and tell you many things which I know you would be glad to hear; and yet it seems to me that if God were to grant me this great joy, when I mounted the rostrum, and looked thence down upon your kindly English faces, I should be able to do nothing else but stand still and cry before you all for very joy and gladness, even though I am a big man with a big beard: so perhaps, after all, I can get on better with pen and ink.

A few weeks ago I went to a place called Davuilevu, where lives our young native Missionary, Eliesa Bula, who has lately married Louisa, the sister of poor Setereke Seileka, who was killed by the Navosà heathens as he stooped down to kiss the Rev. T. Baker, who had just been cut down by a murderous blow of a battle-axe. You will remember that a portrait of this poor fellow was given in one of the numbers of the "Juvenile Offering." I took that number with me when I went to Davuilevu; and, when I entered the house, I found Eliesa, with his *wife and many* of their friends,

eating fish and *dalo*, for it was supper-time.

"Bring me a lamp," said I, when we had shaken hands; "bring me a lamp, for I have something to show Louisa:" and when the lamp was brought, I put the little book into her hands, open at the page whereon is printed her brother's portrait. There was a great silence in the house, and all the people sat still, looking at the woman, and at the book which she held in her hands; and she, too, sat still for a long while, saying never a word, till presently her hands began to tremble, and, looking up, she drew a deep breath, and said, "Ko Setereke!" ("It is Shadrach!") Then, after a few minutes, she took up the light and went away into her bedroom, with the little book still in her hand, and I could hear her sobbing and crying quietly, for there was only a slight wall of reeds between us.

I was very fond of poor Setereke, and knew him well, for I took him in our Mission schooner to his first appointment, which was the Island of Cicia, in the Lakemba Circuit, where I was then stationed. He was a good preacher, and a good singer too; and I remember well how Tomase Navunisinu, one of our native Missionaries, once said

to me, after a visit which he had paid to Cicia—"I preached at Mabula (the chief town) on Sunday; and, after the sermon, while I was making ready to give out the hymn, up started Setereke, with the young men, and sang a new hymn which I had never heard before. It says, 'Oile, se ko bau ki na Iteni ga?' ('Will you go to the Eden above?') and truly my soul was hot within me as I listened, and my eyes filled with tears. It is indeed a fine hymn."

I had intended to send you a translation of a beautiful letter from another native Missionary, whose portrait also you have seen, for it appears in the July number of the "Offering" (1867); but I find that I have put it away so carefully that I cannot lay my hand upon it; so I send you instead the following account of how a little Fijian boy went to heaven. It is written by one of our teachers, and I do but translate his words.

"This is the account of how Elijah died. I was removed from Gau to Ucunivanua, and there I taught the children in their school, teaching them the alphabet. It was not long before Elijah knew his letters; so one day I gave him a little book that he might learn to read. A good lad was Elijah

while he was in health, and always obedient at the school, being never absent therefrom until his sickness fell upon him, when, having great pains in his stomach, and his throat also being swollen, he was obliged to stay at home, for he could no longer come to the children's school. In the month of October, on the 23rd day, I went to see him and his father, who also lay sick; and when I entered the house, then I saw that heavy indeed was the sickness of Elijah; so, after talking together about the lotu, we went to prayer.

"On the Monday morning his mother boiled a *dalo*; and, when it was cooked, she said to him, 'My son, love me, my son, and eat a little as you are lying there.'

"'I do indeed love you, my mother,' said the boy. 'Good bye, mother. Near to me now is the heavenly land.'

"'Alas! my son,' cried she, 'Why do you thus speak of Heaven? Who is your God, my son.'

"Then, said he, 'Jehovah is my God, and Christ is my Saviour. Go now, my mother, and bring me my *sulu* that I may be clothed.'

Now you must know, my dear children, that there was a mean-

ing in this poor lad's thus asking for his *sulu*, or dress; for this *sulu* is the outward mark which distinguishes the Fijian Christians from their heathen neighbours, who go all but naked; so that you may know hereby that the little Elijah wanted to die with the "outward and visible sign" of Christianity about his body, as well as with its "inward and spiritual grace" in his heart. And now let the teacher go on with his tale.

"Then said his mother, 'Could you not eat a fish from the fish-weir, my child?'"

"'I cannot eat,' he answered. 'Good bye, mother; I am dying. I am going away. Good bye, mother; my soul lives. I am in Heaven.'"

"The day of his death was the

25th day of the month, which fell upon a Tuesday. Finished is the account of Elijah."

I could tell you many more such tales, but your Editor says that our letters must be short; because the "Juvenile Offering" is only a little book, and I am afraid that this letter of mine is too long already; but I will write again by and by, if all be well.

In the meanwhile, think sometimes of us who are doing God's work here in Fiji, and pray for us, and our wives and children, and our people too: and so now I bid you good by, and may God bless you, my dears!


Yours affectionately,

A MISSIONARY IN FIJI.

*Fiji, December 3, 1868.*

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"IF YOU LOVE ME, LEAN HARD."

 N a volume of most touching interest—"Morning on the Mountains, or Woman and her Saviour in Persia"—we noticed the following letter written by Miss Fiske, one of the devoted Missionary workers in Oroomiah, Dec. 1855—

"MY DEAR FRIEND—I have learnt here that He who fed five

thousand with the portion of five, can feed the soul to the full with what I once counted only crumbs." May I give you one of the Master's sermons?


"A few Sabbaths ago I went to Glog Tapa, with Mr. Stoddard. It was afternoon, and I was seated on a mat in the middle of the earthen floor of the church I had already

attended Sabbath-school and a prayer-meeting with my pupils, and, weary, I longed for rest. It seemed as if I could not sit without support through the service. Then I remembered that after that came my meeting with the women readers of the village; and oh, how desirable seemed rest! But God sent it in an unexpected way; for a woman came and seated herself behind me, so that I could lean on her, and invited me to do so. I declined, but she drew me back, saying 'If you love me, lean hard.' Very refreshing was that support. And then came the Master's own voice,

repeating the words, 'If you love *Me*, lean hard;' and I leaned on Him too, feeling that, through that poor woman, He had preached me a better sermon than I could have heard at home. I was rested long before the services were through; then I spent an hour with the women, and, after sunset, rode six miles to my own home. I wondered that I was not weary that night nor the next morning; and I have rested ever since on those sweet words, 'If you love me, lean hard.'

"Lean on thy Redeemer's breast,  
He thy quiet spirit keeps;  
Rest in Him, securely rest,  
Thy watchman never sleeps."

#### A DESPISED GOD.

 HE preached Gospel is now heard with more respect than formerly; and in the lower as well as the middle classes there is a more general disregard of idol worship. In illustration of this feeling I may mention one case.

About ten days ago, I was talking to a plain uneducated man, near a temple, which had in it, as the object of worship, a large stone bull. I said to the man, "Do you worship the idol in that building?" He laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea, and said, "I worship it?

No, indeed! The Priest does that, because he is paid for it. I water the plants in the garden and sweep the temple floor, because I am paid for it; but why should I worship a stone image?"

These are indications of a better state of things, which we ought to take advantage of. God is opening the eyes of the Hindus, and we ought to be ready, in sufficient numbers, to say: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."—*Rev. Thomas Hodson, Bangalore.*

“WESLEY CHURCH,” LIFUKA, HAABAI,

FRIENDLY ISLANDS.



ONE Latu, one of our native ministers, took tea with us to day, and told me a little about the building of our Circuit chapel, or *church* as we call it in Lifuka ; and I thought at once of my young Wesleyan friends at home, and said within myself, as our grandfathers would express it, that Ione's story would please you.

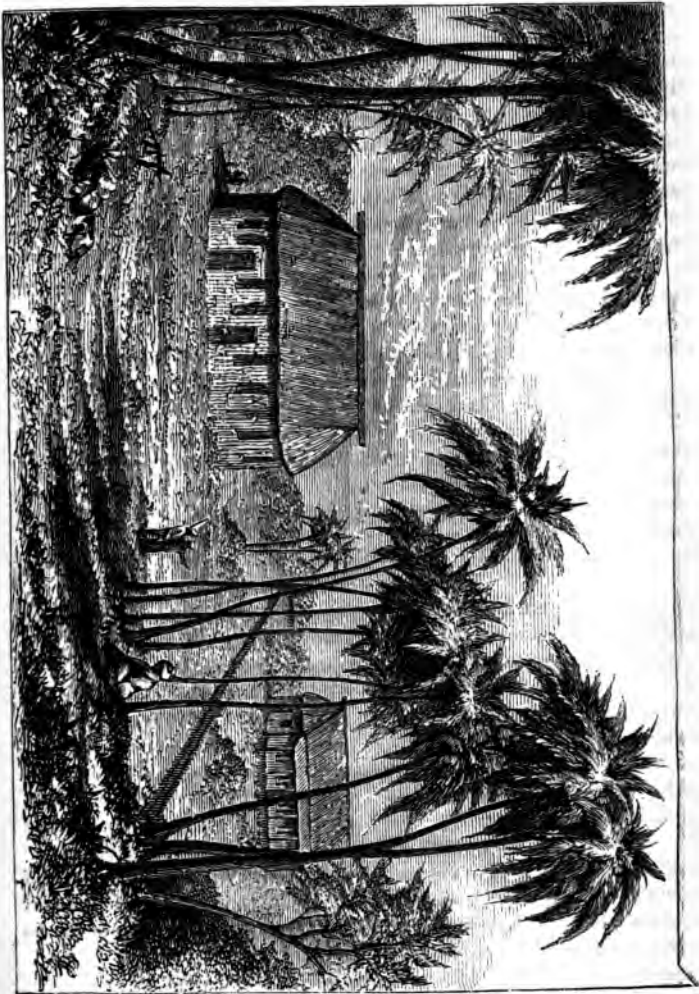
But first now look at my sketch of the church. You see the building is very different from our home churches and chapels. It has no stone or brick walls, but is closed with boards and painted white. It has no slate on the roof, but is thatched with the leaf of a kind of sugar-cane, which is sewn and made like a length of fringe, and, when put on the roof, looks very neat inside. The doors and windows came down from Sydney.

A few days ago we were in great fear that the church would be burnt to the ground. If you look into the corner of the farthest enclosure there under the “ovava” tree, you can imagine the spot where a small house stood. Now through the carelessness of a boy it took

fire, and being only of wood and dry thatch it made a great blaze. The wind was blowing right over the burning house towards the church, and quite a shower of burning bits of thatch fell on it, and it took fire. You know what James the Apostle says, “Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.” And I thought, “Well now, that little careless native is just like a boy who tells his first lie. He cannot guess what a blaze he may make by it in the end, and the Apostle has told us where the fire comes from.” Now just as a little blaze began on the roof, a noble young Tongan, having run dripping up from the sea, climbed like a cat up the side of one of the doors, got on the roof, ran to the blaze, smothered out the fire with his wet wrapper, and saved the church.

This was very noble of him, and the governor and others of us immediately rewarded him.

Well, but about Ione's story. He said the building of the church was considered to be a very great thing. Above a thousand, or nearly all the men in the Haabai Circuit assisted in the erection. Some of them



cut posts and floated them naturally occur to you no doubt—  
 twenty miles to Lifuka for the church. Men from all the fifteen islands took their share in providing the materials and in building it. When it was finished, about ten years ago, it was opened by Rev. I. Vercoe and the king; and on a set day all the people made a great feast and rejoiced together.

Last Sunday it was a very pleasant sight to see the king and queen, the governor of Haabai, two young magistrates, a number of other chiefs, and about three hundred natives very decently dressed, all assembled in the church in good order, and quietly engaged in the worship of God. The beautiful lines of the pious poet very

"Lord how delightful 'tis to see  
 A whole assembly worship Thee."

I have often been pleased with one thing in the king, both here on Lifuka and at Tongatabu. He is *never too late* at any service. I have seen him at our Sunday service, at week-day preaching, and at prayer-meetings, but I never at any time saw him too late. There, now, that is a good example for you, and he a king too. Will you remember it, and resolve to copy it, while you are looking at his occasional residence on the right-hand in our woodcut.

MARTIN DYSON.

*Lifuka, Haabai, Friendly Islands,*  
 Dec. 9, 1868.

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 "THY KINGDOM COME."



N African descendant, formerly a slave, but now a freedman of the Southern States, was recently questioned by his minister as to the meaning of the Lord's Prayer.

"What do you mean," asked the minister, "when you say, 'Thy kingdom come?'"

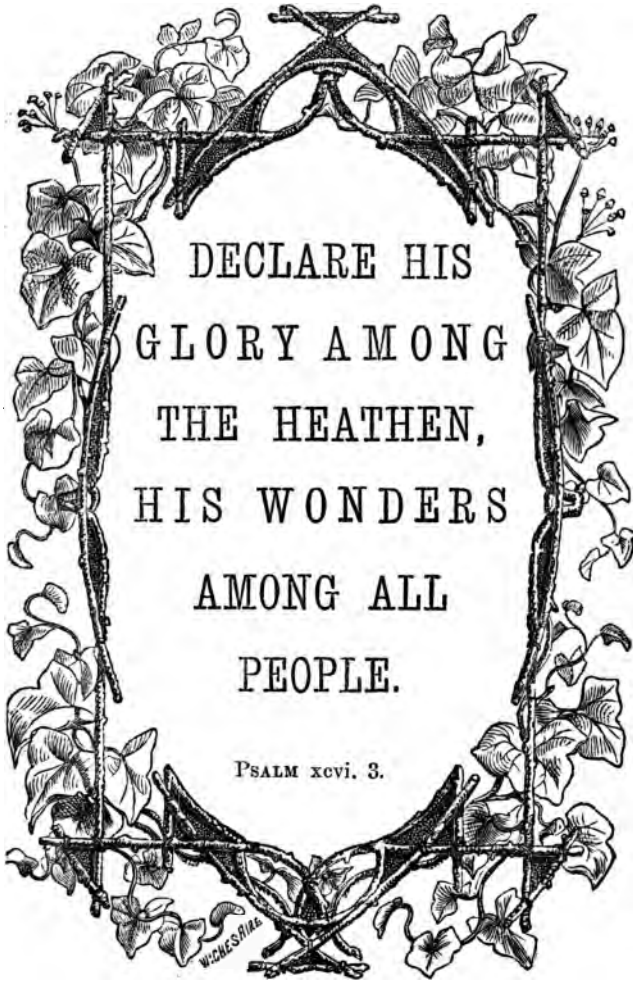
"I don't mean, massa, that God's kingdom may come in the world and the sky: God is king there already; but I pray that His kingdom may come in our hearts."

"What do you mean by God's kingdom coming in our hearts?"

"I pray that God by His grace may rule in my heart, and in the hearts of all men."

Thinking he spoke only by rote, the minister asked—"What do you mean by God by His grace ruling in our hearts!"

"I pray that God, by His Holy Spirit, may make me and all men what He wants us to be."



DECLARE HIS  
GLORY AMONG  
THE HEATHEN,  
HIS WONDERS  
AMONG ALL  
PEOPLE.

PSALM xcvi. 3.

W.C.H.S.P.



## A SCHOOL IN CHINA.



OME ladies in charge of an American Mission school in Foochow, China, write thus :—

“ We have taken in twelve of the ‘foundlings.’ Some of these are too little to study much, and quite too little to work, so they are easily managed. Enough to wear, plenty to eat, a short lesson, or permission to play, with the injunction to be good children, and they are quite contented. But the larger girls require much time and attention; they are first to be *un*-taught nearly all they have learned in their heathen homes, which is no easy work. They must have a series of studies, and attention to see that their lessons are well prepared. Each one must not only have work assigned her, but then we must see that the work is properly done. She must learn how to cook, must have suitable re-

creation, must learn to make clothes for herself and the smaller girls, and do it neatly. This sewing is a reform on Chinese custom: a woman seldom, perhaps I might say *never*, makes her own clothes. If she is small-footed, she must try to be a lady, and only embroider her tiny shoes, or some such work, unless she is very poor, and then she makes idol paper, weaves tape, or ekes out a living the best way she can. If she is large-footed, she works in the fields; so a tailor is called, let circumstances be what they may.

“ We have this year thirty-four scholars. Their relatives, once an immense trouble, now give us but little: they come to see us, and bring plenty of company.

“ During the last year over eight hundred Chinese, mostly women and children, were in.”

## GOD'S WORD IN A STRANGE PLACE.



FEW weeks ago, I had been to visit a sick man in a Pariah village, and in returning I went to examine the temple and idol car.

I remarked that idolatry had caught something of the spirit of improvement, which now is turning upside down Hindu society. The idol car had been

repaired, and English wheels had had taken place of the old solid circles of wood. On going round to the back of the car, I found a New Testament open at the sixth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. Who would have expected such a thing in such a place? How it came there I know not. It bore the marks of having been well read, but by whom I know not. There may be some secret Christian who seeks here after God; or the wonders of the Word of God may here have been talked over by a quiet company on the previous evening. I could only pray that God would bless His

own Word, and I left it there; and then the whole character of the place seemed to me to be changed. The devil's house was turned against himself. The shed had become a church, the car a pulpit, and God himself a Preacher; calling upon these miserable outcastes, in the last words upon which the book was open, "Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty."—

*Rev. S. Dalzell, Mysore.*

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NO ONE SAW ME.



THE opening of the Mission-box

Was watch'd, with interest quite profound,  
By several young contributors,  
Who, pleased, yet anxious, stood around.

As it discharged its whole contents,  
They longed to know the full amount  
Of halfpence, pence, and sixpences,  
So many more than they could count.

One little girl, with large blue eyes,  
And waving curls of golden hair,  
Look'd up, and said, with flushing cheek,  
And smile, that made her doubly fair—

“Oh, do you know, the other day,  
You did not see me, Aunty dear,  
I put a penny in the box,  
And no one knew! No one was near!”

“Yes, some one saw you, Beatrice,  
Although you thought you were alone,  
Her Aunt replied : “and He look’d down  
With pleasure from His glorious throne.

“He watch’d inside the Temple door,  
And saw the widow drop her mite,  
And, though the gift was very small,  
It still was precious in His sight.”

“Do you mean Jesus ?” said the child,  
With mingled pleasure and surprise ;  
“I quite forgot that He looks down,  
And sees us always from the skies.”

M. E. B.

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### OUR MADRAS SCHOOLS.



ET us accompany Mr. Burgess as he goes to commence his day's labours. On entering the large central hall we see standing in orderly groups nearly three hundred youths: perhaps a dozen wear English dress, a few the coloured loose silk drawers of the Mohammedan, but the great majority the white muslin or calico costume of the Hindu. All except the English lads leave their slippers at the entrance of the building, but wear their turbans. Probably a fourth of the Hindus have the Brahman string, and nearly all bear on their forehead the mark of Siva or Vishnu. Half the entire number are more than fifteen years of age, not a few are married men. The institution is a college rather than merely a boys' school. Going to his desk in the middle of the hall, the Missionary kneels, and asks the divine blessing upon the labours of the day. The first lesson is the Holy Scripture, taught in every class by a Christian teacher. Mr. Burgess gathers around him twenty or five-and-twenty young men. . . . None can visit such a school as this without feeling that it gives to the Missionary unequalled opportunities of preaching the truth. Day after day he urges the claims of Christ upon a number of youths drawn from the most respectable families, and thus brings powerful influence to bear upon a class he could never reach by street preaching, or by other means.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JULY, 1869.



U DODO, THE CRAZY KAFFIR.



ANY of our young friends would laugh much, and, I dare say, would be afraid too, if they saw a poor old crazy Kaffir who lives on this station. He is a wonderful old man, and I will try to tell you something about him. His name is U Dodo. Many years ago, under the preaching of the Rev. T. Jenkins he was convinced of sin, and began

to meet in class ; but very soon afterwards his reason gave way, and he became hopelessly insane. He does many funny things, but seldom tries to hurt any one.

On a Sunday he dresses himself differently from other days : he puts a goat-skin kind of hat on his head, in which he fastens a number of crooked sticks, to represent horns. These, with the long hair of the skin, make him look really frightful. He

does not take his hat off when in the chapel like white men do, but stands nearly all the time, that the Missionary may see him.

On occasional days he puts away the sheet with which he covers himself, and ties leaves and grass round his loins in the form of a short petticoat, and then dances all over the station hour after hour. He daily wanders into the bush, and most curious are the things he finds there, and with which he adorns himself. He usually has a string of singularly shaped roots and bones hung around his neck; and often claims the power of bringing rain when it is needed.

A few years ago, on returning to his house from his wanderings, he found his wife praying; he seized an axe and struck her on the neck, inflicting a deep wound. On being asked about


it, he said she was too tall, and he wanted to shorten her. At another time this station was visited by a certain military gentleman, who took delight in asking Dodo questions; but on one occasion he received an answer that surprised him. Pointing to a rainbow, the officer asked, "Dodo, what is that?" He turned, and fixing his eyes upon the gentleman, replied, "Iliso lika Tixo"—the eye of God.

Dodo is now old, but yet remarkably quick, and always cultivates his own garden. He calls himself the greatest of all men; says he is next to God, and tells the Missionary and his wife that they are his children; by which he wants them to feel that he honours them. Alas, poor Dodo!

Palmerton, J. ALLSOPP.  
*South Africa.*

## NEW-YEAR'S-DAY IN MADAGASCAR.

### THE LAST OF THE ROYAL IDOLS.

 YOU have read many times how God has greatly blessed the work of the London Missionary Society in the Island of Madagascar; and now, after suffering much persecution, the native Christians rejoice in having a Queen who herself believes in *the Gospel of Christ.*

One of the ladies of this most interesting Mission, writes thus about the great change, which took place this year, in observing the customary ceremonies of the Madagascar new-year's-day.

"The Malagassy new year has just begun very auspiciously: the last trace of idolatry has left the palace.

"Manjaka-Isviva, the Queen's idol, was sent away in a basket, with its keeper, on the morning of last Wednesday. It has not been consulted during the present reign, and we rejoice in its absence from the capital.

"I think you know that the Malagassy day is like the Jewish, beginning and ending at sunset. In the evening the Missionaries were invited to witness the ceremonies of the new year. No red cock was killed, as heretofore, for the Queen to anoint her forehead with its blood. No dirt was brought from Radama's tomb, to pollute the water in which she bathed: the Queen washed in pure water, and used a native calabash from which to sprinkle the people, instead of a bullock's horn, which was supposed to possess wonderful properties.

"The Prime Minister and Chief Secretary of State received our friends at the palace gates. They went to a room on the ground-floor, lighted by paraffin, in glass chandeliers. Military music enlivened the scene: the soldiers on guard were in full dress.

"The Queen sat on a sofa; she wore a scarlet dress, with a scarlet *lamba* in native fashion. The Hovah ladies and the nobles were attired in brown silk *lambas*, with richly-worked

borders. On a temporary hearth a fire was burning, and on square blocks of firestone some earthen vessels were placed, containing rice to be eaten with honey by her Majesty and her visitors. A very economical banquet, you will think.

"When every one had found a seat, one of the members of the Government spoke to the singers, and two hymns were sung; then a son of Prince Ramonja offered prayer, asking blessings for their Queen, and on the engagements during the New Year. At the close of the prayer the Queen arose from the sofa, and proceeded to bathe. A large rich *lamba* was held to hide her from view, some ladies, her attendants, handing towels to her as she required them. The batteries fired a salute. The Queen then took the calabash of water, sprinkled a few drops from it on the heads of a few of her ladies; she then poured a little water into her hand, and walked through the room, sprinkling the people as she passed them. On reaching the door she sprinkled the soldiers and the door-posts and returned to the sofa.

"The rice which had been boiling was then considered to be cooked. When silence was secured, another hymn was

sung, and Andraimbelo offered prayer, and the meal was served. The Queen's vessels were of gold; the visitors had plates, with spoons made very ingeniously from banana leaves. Another salute was fired. After the feast, the heads of the various departments paid their 'dollar of allegiance;' the Europeans also paid 'Hasina.'

"After a little conversation, another hymn and prayer, one of the members of the Govern-

ment announced the hymn 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," which was sung very devotionally by the entire company. He pronounced the 'Benediction,' the batteries again fired, and the engagements terminated. Have we not cause for grateful joy, and is not an evening thus spent a pleasing contrast to the heathenish rites and ceremonies that have been observed in bygone years?"

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#### FROM THE CORAL REEF TO HEAVEN.

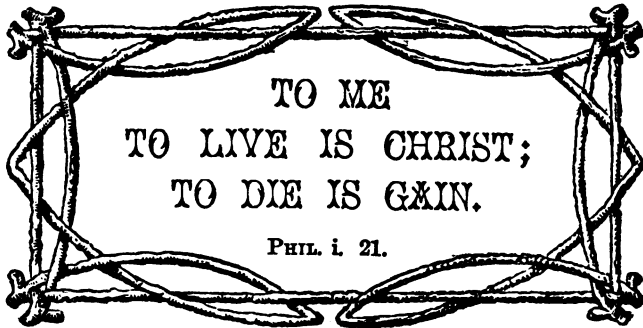


OANAKINO and two companions went fishing on the coral reef off Mangaia. It was a lovely day. They had been fishing some time with good success, and were just saying to each other that they would return home, when two of their number unfortunately found that their fish-hooks were caught in the coral, in rather deep water. Now the poor natives set much value on their fish-hooks; they cannot always obtain them easily. As the sea was smooth they dived for them, the usual practice of fishermen under such circumstances; but, alas! they had scarcely left the reef, when suddenly a breeze

sprung up, and immediately the sea became very rough. They tried to return to the reef, but they were continually baffled in their attempts by the surf which was running very high and dashing with great force against the sharp shelving coral. Their friend ashore on the surf could do but little for them. He held out his long fishing-rod, a bamboo cane, for them to catch hold of; but, alas! it was too short. There was no canoe near, but he immediately ran off for one. An hour elapsed ere the canoe arrived. In the meantime one of the poor fellows in the ocean complained that he was getting weak and very cold. His friend tried to hold him up by his arm.

After a time poor Moanakino, fearing his friend's strength might also fail, said, "Let us pray together to God for help, but if He should see fit to take us to Himself, we will say, 'Thy will be done.'" When their prayer was concluded poor Moanakino said, "I know I shall be drowned: I have no sensation in any of my limbs. Now leave your hold of me, for fear you also should sink. Farewell, I am going to Jesus and to heaven." His friend continued holding on to his hair as long as he could, and for some time after he was dead. The body at length sank to the

coral bottom. When the canoe arrived several men dived for poor Moanakino's body, which they obtained with considerable difficulty. They fetched Mr. Gill, who tried every means he could to restore animation, but to no purpose. Moanakino was a young man of great promise, and has left a young widow. Poor thing, she was standing on the reef tearing her hair when her husband's lifeless body was brought on shore. Surely of this poor South Sea Islander it may be said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*





## WHO WAS BUDDHA ?



KNOW who Buddha was," said a little girl in England, when she heard this question put by her Mamma to a friend. "He is the God worshipped by the people who live in Burmah, China, and Ceylon. I learnt that in my geography last week."

She certainly was right as far as she knew. But the question puzzles some of the cleverest people in the world, who have made Buddha's teachings their study. That the absurd images, made of wood, clay, metal, or other substances—some of them fifteen feet high, and others not so many inches—represent some human being, few can doubt; though it is hardly likely he ever had such strange features, or grew to be so very tall.

Perhaps, though we cannot settle the question, whether Buddha was Noah, Daniel, or Job, or any other Scripture character, some of the readers of the *Juvenile Offering* will like to know what the Singhalese people think of him, and what he taught them.

Their sacred books are not written in their own language, but in what is called *Pali*, which is to them very much what

Hebrew is to us. Their priests sometimes read portions of these books, and afterwards give a kind of explanation or sermon in Singhalese.

There have been, according to the legends, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand Buddhas. Goutama Buddha, the one worshipped now, could trace his descent from eighty-two thousand kings. Many years before he came into this world as man—for already he had been a monkey, a fish, and many other creatures—he determined where he should be born and who should be his father and mother. North India was the place he chose. When he was five days old, a great feast was held, his head was washed with all sorts of mixtures, and a name given, which would be too hard for you to read. By the time he was sixteen, he had become a mighty prince, and lived in a gorgeous palace. Then he took to himself a wife; but suddenly, after reflecting on the uselessness of riches, he determined to forsake her, and became a sort of hermit. In the middle of the night, without bidding anyone farewell, he left his palace. When he reached the gate of the city he was met by an evil one, who tempted



M. G. S. 1872

him to return to his riches. He resisted the temptation, and went far away from the city into the jungle. Here again the bad spirit came to him, and first caused a mighty wind, then heavy rains, then showers of rocks. These were followed by smoke and fire, and showers of knives, and swords, and burning ashes, and mud. Goutama was calm amidst it all, because of the merit of his good deeds. After this the bad spirit came near, telling him that he had no right to be sitting where he was, namely on a throne, raised by magic, beneath a banyan tree. Goutama said he could prove his right to be there; so he spoke to the earth, and it began to make such loud groans and roarings that the bad spirit and all his attendants were frightened away. Goutama afterwards went to another part of the jungle, and sat down under a Bo-tree. The word Bo means wisdom, or knowledge. Whether this is some remembrance of "the tree of knowledge of good and evil," I cannot say; but wherever, in Ceylon, you meet with a Bo-tree, you will find it is revered by the natives, who use the same word in speaking of it as the Christians use for God; and often you may see *offerings of flowers* laid at the

foot of these trees. Here after much meditation, Goutama became a Buddha, that is, he gained all knowledge, past, present, and to come, and found out the way to Nirwana.

He thought his doctrines very hard to be understood, and, at first, did not intend to preach them. Although he said, "There are none equal to me," yet a being, who knew all that was passing in his mind, came and told him there were people who could understand him, if he were to preach; but Buddha said there were not. Afterwards he thought of two, whom he named. But, with all his great knowledge, he had to be told that one had died the week before, and the other the last night. This proof that Buddha did not gain all knowledge the Buddhists do not like to be talked about. Buddha, after all, did make his doctrines known to about fifty or sixty people; and, bidding them follow his perfect example, he ordered them to go throughout the world, and preach the truth to all. This, and many other things told of this great man, remind us of what we read of our Saviour. For instance, before he became Buddha, he fasted a long while, and afterwards fainted. Once he went up a high mountain with a



FOR YE WERE  
SOMETIMES  
DARKNESS; BUT  
NOW ARE YE  
LIGHT IN THE  
LORD.

Ephes. v. 8.

thousand of his followers, and began to teach them. At another time he was found sorrowing, though not weeping, as he looked for the last time on a certain city, which he knew was about to be destroyed. However, these things were not copied from our Bible ; for, as far as learned men can find out, Buddha must have lived about six hundred years before Christ.

He lived to be eighty years old, performed many strange miracles, visited Ceylon and Burmah, and returned to India, where he died, at a place called Kusinara, supposed to be Delhi.

Tradition tells us that he ordered a favourite dish of pork to be got ready, of which he ate very heartily, and was never well afterwards. He would not take any medicine, and told his disciples that he knew, when he ordered the pork, that his death was near ; and that he had fixed upon the very person who should prepare the dish, and thereby gain merit.

Buddha's body was burnt by his disciples, and the remains were afterwards collected and worshipped. One of the most precious is a tooth, which found

its way to Kandy, in Ceylon ; but it needs not a very clever person to see that this so-called tooth is only a piece of ivory, about as thick, and half as long as a man's little finger.

Though Buddha's doctrine is very changeable, yet, in many respects, it is really wonderful. It declares man to have a fallen nature, and pretends to teach how he may restore and save himself. But, after all, the best it can do, is to tell of a future state called Nirwana, which means nothingness. One good thing must be said of Buddhism. Wherever it is professed, the condition of woman is improved ; and another thing, it has nothing to do with *caste*, for which reason perhaps Buddha's followers suffered great persecution in India, and most of them were compelled to quit the country.

The legends tell us, that, in twenty-five thousand years more, another Buddha may be expected to make his appearance.

In the picture, you see one of the many statues of Buddha, to be found in Ceylon.

MARY.

THE DEWDROP'S ERRAND.



PARKLING little dewdrop,  
Nestling in the rose,  
Beading, as with jewels,  
Every leaf that grows ;

What can you so tiny  
Do to man, that's good ?  
What—to the silver streamlets,  
Or the thundering flood ?

Think of the broad river,  
Where gallant navies ride.  
Think of the sweep of ocean—  
What are *you*, beside ?

In the morning gloaming,  
An answer met my ear ;  
Soft, sweet and musical,  
A whisper in the air.

“ The tender, all-wise Father  
Maketh great and small ;  
For each He sends a mission,  
A love-work unto all.

“ I brood all night with flowers,  
Bathing violet eyes ;  
Cool their cheeks' red satin,  
Deepen their gorgeous dyes.

“ God and the stars behold  
The work we do within,  
And in the morning glory  
Man knows where we have been.”

I saw in it a lesson :  
Call nothing mean or small ;  
Fill thy lot though lowly ;  
For God hath need of all !

## THE BLIND AND THE LAME.



R. MACGREGOR of the *Rob Roy* canoe, thus describes some most pleasing Missionary work, which he has lately seen in the Holy Land, at Beirut.

"A very interesting but very difficult work has also been commenced for the blind, and one for the maimed, as well as that for the hapless orphans and the ignorant. Mr. Mott's little class of blind men reading is a sight indeed for us who have eyes. Only in February last that poor blind fellow who sits on the form there was utterly ignorant. See how his delicate fingers run over the raised types of his Bible, and he reads aloud and blesses God in his heart for the precious news, and for those who gave him the avenue for truth to his heart. 'Jesus Christ will be the first person I shall ever see,' he says, 'for my eyes will be opened in heaven.' Thus even this man becomes a Missionary.

"Down in that dark room again, below the printing-press of the American Mission (for he needs no sunlight in his work), you will find him actually print-

ing the Bible in raised type, letter by letter, for his sightless brethren. This is one of the most impressive wonders I have ever looked at.

"At the annual examination of this school, one of the scholars said, "I am a little blind boy. Once I could see; but then I fell asleep—a long, long sleep—I thought I should never wake. And I slept till a kind gentleman called Mr. Mott, came and opened my eyes—not these eyes," pointing to his sightless eyeballs, "but *these*," lifting up his tiny fingers—"these eyes; and oh! they see such sweet words of Jesus, and how he loved the blind."

In the account of the school for cripples, we find this beautiful picture, "Indeed, it was the blind who led, and, in many instances carried, these impotent folk to the school, one being carried a distance of six miles. When they were told the service was over, and it was time to go, they set up one piteous cry, '*Dachelih, dachelih*—let us stay—to hear more sweet words!' 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden.'"



THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

AUGUST, 1869.

MARIKA GALU'S DYING WORDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM A FIJIAN LETTER.)



HIS is the report of the soul of Marika Galu; thus was it with his soul:—


“The Lord is perhaps trying me by means of this great pain which I am now suffering. I know that this corruptible body of mine must pass also away; but this thing, also, I know, that my soul is looking steadfastly to my Saviour, who gave His life on the cross as my peace offering to God. This offering of Atonement I hold fast within me; wherefore does my soul go forth rejoicing, for I know that I shall enter Heaven, not as a stranger, but as an ‘owner of the land,’ through faith alone.

“A thing of joy therefore is this sickness of mine, because there ‘remaineth a rest’ whereinto I shall enter, if it be the will of God that I cease from my labour, as my Lord also ceased from His. Herein am I waiting only for His word. I do not choose for myself. His will be done.”

This is the report of the soul of Marika Galu.



## A STORY OF A DEVIL TEMPLE.

 OT very long ago the Native pastor here (Travancore) set out on a tour through this part of the country along with some of his helpers and friends. They had travelled a long way, telling the people about Jesus, and even visiting each house separately on their way, when one evening, arriving late at a village, the pastor felt exhausted, and went to take rest in the house of a friend. The horrid sounds of the native drums were heard a little way off among the trees, proclaiming that the worshippers of the demon goddess *Pattra Kali*, were then engaged in performing their degrading rites. Of those who accompanied the pastor, a few, less tired than himself, set out to survey the place; and happening to observe, in the dusk of the evening, not far from the old Devil Temple, a rather remarkable-looking building perched right on the summit of a high rock, made their way towards it for the purpose of satisfying their curiosity. On reaching the top of the rock they ascertained that it was a new, costly, and beautifully-finished pagoda (or temple) of wood, intended for the worship of *Pattra Kali*. All was quiet at

that solitary spot; the place was a little way from the village, and the workmen—just then engaged in finishing the work—had left for the night. The Christians were astonished to see how carefully the work had been done, and lingered for a short time, wondering that so costly a place should have been erected in that unfrequented part of the country. Thoughts of compassion for these deluded people came into their minds, when one of the party said to the others, "Let us go up to this pagoda, and there let us kneel in prayer to the true God and Saviour Jesus. Let us pray to Him that this temple may become a house of God." It was a bold thing this to suggest; for had the party of Christians been seen by the heathen the consequences might have been serious. The heathen would regard their presence as defilement. However, they went up as suggested, and there, in the darkness, poured out their souls to God. On descending the rock they went to the pastor and told him what they had done, and so astonished and glad was he, that he forgot his exhaustion, and, rising from his cot, said, "Let us give thanks with one accord

to Jesus ; let us pray earnestly that God would turn the heart of the owner of the pagoda to Himself." Earnest and fervent were the prayers that then went up to God, and He heard from His holy heaven and answered.

The morning came, and the party of Christians set forth on their errand of mercy. They had only gone a short distance, when they saw an old man, upwards of ninety-nine years of age—hale and strong—sitting in the verandah of his house. He seemed a remarkable old man in outward appearance : and the party halted and began to enter into conversation with him. They told him they had come to his village preaching Jesus as the Saviour of the world ; and to their astonishment found, after a short time, that the person they were then addressing was the owner of the pagoda on the rock. The old man listened to all they had to say with great respect. But shall they dare tell him what happened the previous evening ? It may be hazardous to do so. The old man may become very angry when he hears this, and they may bring trouble on themselves by letting out the secret. However, faith in Jesus prompted them to do what they had done. Faith led the

pastor to call all the Christians of the village around him, and to pour out his soul in their midst in prayer for the owner of the temple, and faith dared yet again to put forth her strength.

"Last night," said one, "we came to your village. We heard the sounds of the devil-worship (those sounds in which we also formerly delighted) and our spirits were moved within us. We climbed the rock on which you have at great trouble and expense erected the new temple to *Pattra Kali*. We felt compassion in our souls for the builder of it, and though perhaps we ought not to have done so, we entered into it, and there worshipped the true God, and His Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour, beseeching Him that He would be gracious and merciful to the builder, and turn his heart to Himself." "Then," said the pastor, "we have all prayed very earnestly that God would turn your heart from these dumb idols, which cannot save." Much advice was given to the old man, and it soon became evident that he was making up his mind to answer at once one way or other. Rising from his seat, he said to the Christians, "Come up to the pagoda with me." When they had reached the top of the rock, addressing

the pastor, the old man said, "At great expense and with much trouble have I erected this temple to Pattra Kali in my old age. I intended to perform this service to the devil, whom I have dreaded all these years of my long life, before I die; but the words I have heard from you are wonderful. The story of Jesus is indeed good. I count myself happy in having heard these things. Of a truth God has sent you to our village, and now let us go up—let us dedicate this house which I have built for *Pattra Kali* to the TRUE AND LIVING GOD!" These words thrilled the souls of the pastor and his friends with joy; and then and there God's servants took possession of the pagoda in the name of the living God. Then prayer was offered,

and thanksgivings poured forth. At the close of this wonderful meeting a document was written by the old man (now called *Yesunesan* — *lover of Jesus*), giving the building to the Mission, upon which he had spent upwards of *one thousand fanams*—equal, if we consider the relative value of money, to 50*l.* or 60*l.* Now, this is the story. Is it not wonderful? Yes, indeed, and *it is true*. Does it not show forth God's great mercy and love and power among the heathen? Does it not show how much we should be encouraged to work for Jesus? Should we not, my young friends, be zealous workers in the blessed cause of missions?—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

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#### OUR MADRAS SCHOOLS.



LMOST concealed from view by the straight branches of silk cotton trees and the thick foliage of mangoes, is the girls' boarding-school. The building at present occupied was opened on the 21st November 1867, and is "perhaps the neatest and most commodious erection of the kind in Madras." It is *divided into a large schoolroom*

and a sleeping apartment, with two small rooms for the use of the matron. The building occupies nearly the same site as the old rooms in which Mrs. Roberts commenced the school twenty years ago. Here during that period forty or fifty poor girls have constantly been fed, clothed, and taught. Others have attended as day-scholars.

The caste prejudices of the

Hindus make it impossible to secure as pupils in such a school the daughters of the higher classes, so that the school has been recruited chiefly from the families of servants in English employment. A few of the girls have Protestant Christian parents, several Roman Catholic; but most have been rescued from heathen homes. In the school all are treated with equal consideration and kindness.

The lower classes are filled with little girls of seven or eight years of age; in the highest class nearly all are bordering upon womanhood.

They are taught to read and write Tamil with fluency; they become sufficiently familiar with the elementary rules of arithmetic to keep bazaar accounts; they gain some knowledge of geography, and those who have been longest in the school can read an easy English book, and converse in that language on familiar subjects. All are instructed in the Wesleyan Catechisms and made familiar with the Gospel history and other portions of God's Word.

The elder girls are drafted in rotation for duty in the kitchen, and some hours daily are given to needle-work. In this art they greatly excel; and not only do they make their own clothes,

but, by doing fancy and plain needle-work for sale, they have in some years raised sufficient to purchase the materials for their dress.

Nor should we omit to notice how frequently the work of the school is relieved by the pleasant singing of native hymns and of tunes not unfamiliar to those who visit Sunday-schools at home.

The majority of the teachers have formerly been pupils in the school. The matron is a devout and earnest Christian. Scarcely a year passes in which at least three or four of the heathen girls are not received into the Church by baptism, and usually at least twelve or fifteen of the Christian girls meet in a Society class.

On more than one occasion the school has been blessed with special visitations of God's Holy Spirit: the girls have delighted during times of recreation to assemble for prayer, and many have professed to find peace with God. Death has sometimes visited the school; but scarcely one of those taken away has failed to leave behind her a sweet testimony to the power of Jesus to save. Of those who have left the school, several are now the wives of catechists, teachers, and native ministers.

Thus, for twenty years, under the watchful and zealous superintendence of Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Burgess, and other Missionary ladies, has this excellent institution been promoting the interests of the Church in South India.—*Rev. R. Stephenson, B.A.*

### A FAITHFUL AUSTRALIAN.



WE have several times told you about the black natives of Australia, and how some of them have been improved by Christian teaching. The following true story will show that there is much good in these wild, neglected people, and that they need not always remain savages. It is sent by the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste of New South Wales, who says—"I think it will please the young readers of the *Juvenile Offering*, who, I am glad to find, go on with so much good spirit in their work of collecting for our Missions, and continue to raise such noble sums."

So you see, dear young friends, that good people in all parts of the world notice what you are doing, and are very thankful for your help in the great Missionary work.

Mr. Vanderkiste says, there was "a family formed part of my congregation at a low preaching place, in the northern district, some years ago. It con-

sisted of a white husband, a black wife, and five sons, fine young men, sober and industrious, and very attentive to the means of grace. They were noted for their good conduct over a large district of country, through which they were frequently travelling with timber.

"At the time the incident illustrated in the picture occurred, nearly thirty years ago, the father of this family was a young shepherd. The blacks in this part of the country were very fierce and troublesome, and often murdered shepherds and other people, so that they frequently were pursued by a party of soldiers.

"This shepherd fell in love with one of the young *gins* (women) of the tribe; and they became very fond of each other. A part of the tribe resolved to kill him, and allured him to a place near the banks of a beautiful river, along the borders of which I have had many a weary but delightful ride. Always attentive to her lover's safety, the girl, who



knew of the plot, kept close at hand, and, at the moment of the attack, darted out swiftly from her hiding place, seized his gun out of the shepherd's hand, and bade him rush into the river, and hide up to his chin in the water among the reeds until she came. She then pointed the gun towards her own people, who did not like to hurt her, and were thus kept at bay. They scattered in search of the man, but could not find him. The faithful girl, however, came to him, and helped him to swim away, paddling at his side. They often had to hide, and were afraid, for a long while, to come near the banks. Thus they endured great

suffering and toil, but, at last, reached a place of safety.

“This woman became the shepherd's wife, and died whilst I was in the district. But, though a most affectionate wife and mother, she had a peculiar wildness about her to the very last. She died suddenly; and the last time I spoke to her was at a tea-meeting, under a beautiful booth made of branches, held as a mark of respect to me, and the first tea-meeting ever known in this part. Unlike her husband and sons, she would not be drawn into conversation. Yet she appeared fond of me, and attended my meetings.”



### PREACHING TO THE GAROS

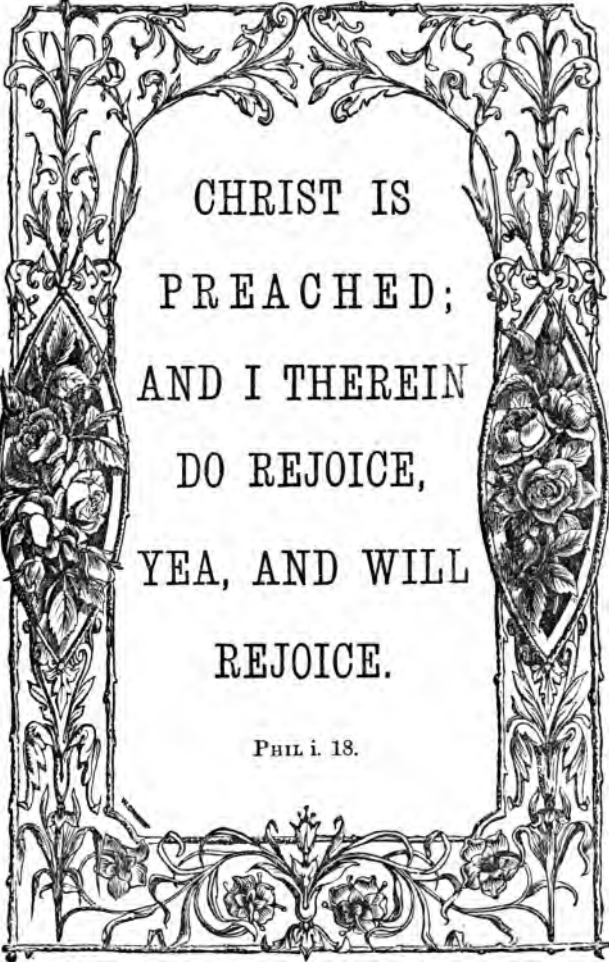


**MISSIONARY** of the Assam Mission thus describes his preaching to Garos, in a village called

Raj Semda :—

“A crowd was waiting to receive us. We found the village clean, the houses, about forty, new and orderly arranged. The largest and best house in the village is a place of Christian worship recently built by themselves, which is every Sabbath crowded with listeners. A house, very clean, was placed at my dis-

posal, so that, although I had a small tent, I never pitched it. As soon as I could, I went to the chapel, which I found crowded with people waiting to hear from me the Word of God. I spoke to them as simply as possible in Assamese, which was understood by some; the three assistants interpreting the same to the hill people, who understood only the Garo language. It was deeply affecting to me to witness their fixed attention and deep interest as I spoke to them of Christ and



CHRIST IS  
PREACHED;  
AND I THEREIN  
DO REJOICE,  
YEA, AND WILL  
REJOICE.

PHIL i. 18.



His love to poor sinners, and that He died to save even poor Garos. O, it is easy work to preach Christ under such circumstances! It was soon evident that the story of the cross was familiar to them. Omed has made it the burden of his message to his countrymen, and their hearts have begun to melt under its mighty power. At last I put the question, How many of you love this Saviour, and, abandoning all your heathen worship and practices, worship Him alone? Twenty-six, all residents of this village, arose. I closely questioned them as to their motives, explained to them what it might cost them to become Christians—ridicule, reproach, opposition, perhaps death. They replied, 'Yes, we have thought this all over; we

expect opposition; we have decided.' It appears that some of them have had to leave their friends on account of opposition, and have come down from the mountains and joined this Christian village. These all desired to become Christ's disciples and to be baptized. The native assistants, who have for months been watching for their conversion, speak of their changed conduct, particularly in their abandonment of their old rites of worship, and in the disuse of all intoxicating drinks, which has cost some of them a great struggle. They were therefore received as candidates for Christian baptism. It was late before I could retire for a little rest; and then I left them still assembled."

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### A SONG OF CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

"We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, that he may be trained in the doctrines, privileges, and duties of the Christian religion; and trust that he will be Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."—*Office of Baptism.*



**B**EHOLD Thy little army;  
 At Thy command we gather,  
 And thankful stand, A sacred band,  
 To serve our Heavenly Father.  
 Our lives and powers are hallowed,  
 To Thy high service given:  
 We bear that sign, And seal of Thine,  
 Devoting us to Heaven.

See, then, Thy youthful army !  
Our foes are strong and many ;  
    And we of all Who on Thee call,  
Are weaker far than any.  
Weak hearts we have and tender,  
In sport and ease delighting ;  
    Yet we must live To tire and strive  
In toiling and in fighting.

There stand arrayed against us,  
The World, the Flesh, the Devil—  
    Great foes and strong To do us wrong,  
And drive us to all evil.  
But though our foes be mighty,  
If Thou, O Lord, be for us,—  
    Strong in Thy might, We'll boldly fight,  
And evil drive before us.

Out of the mouth of sucklings  
And babes, Thou strength ordainest :  
    In us, O Lord, Fulfil this word,  
Thou who all vict'ry gainest.  
When the good fight is finished,  
Where sin can reach us never,  
    Crown'd shall we stand, palms in our hand,  
To sing Thy love for ever. G. S. R.



### THE SEA OF GALILEE ; CAPERNAUM, AND BETHSAIDA.

**T**HE Lake of Galilee, also called the Sea of Tiberias, is a little more than twelve miles long north and south, by seven miles broad at the widest part, and its shape is very like that of the continent of Africa. The Jordan flows in at the north-west corner, where there is a plain, and it flows out at the south-west corner, where it enters another plain country, and then winds for miles between banks from twenty to fifty feet high, over rapids and through long pools.

All other parts of the lake are surrounded by mountains. These look very near, because the atmosphere is so pure. On the left, the towers and walls of Tiberias are reflected in the water. They are the only stone buildings all round the entire circuit of this once populous lake, except one or two modern mills and a bath.\* Beyond them is the smooth beach of the "Land of Gennesareth," a little crescent-shaped strip of plains, teeming with verdure down to the shore, which is of clean, pretty gravel, and shells and sand, with a row of oleander bushes growing in the water.

At the other side of this charming beach—along which so often walked the Saviour of the world, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace—we see the hill on which stood His "own city."—"Thou Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven,"—but now *not one house is there.* (See Matt. xi. 23.)

Next comes the white strand, where once Bethsaidastood. Soon round my boat I saw ten thousand fish, their heads and backs

\* No less than nine cities once stood on the shore of the lake, while numerous villages dotted the surrounding hills and plains.

above water, and as close together as they could lie. Outside of these was a circle of cormorants and ducks waiting for prey. No wonder that this was named Beth Saida, "House of Fishes."

Lately two fishers' huts were built here. Twelve men came out. One of them cast off "his fisher's coat," and waded out to greet me.

These men fish only at night. They said fish may be taken everywhere on the lake, but most are to be taken here.

Further on again, and on the western shore, is the dark cape where lie the ruins of *Tell Hum*. Here I spent three days. On one of them it was stormy: the waves rose rapidly, and a heavy "cross sea" very soon thundered on the gloomy beach. I have been on many lakes where the wind is sudden and severe—in Scotland, in Sweden, and in America—but I never saw any sheet of water so subject to squalls as this, and so quickly moved from perfect calm into rough and distracting waves, tossing about with a fretfulness altogether unusual. (See Matt. viii. 24; Mark iv. 37; Luke viii. 23.)—MR. MACGREGOR.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.



OLD  
ISAAC'S STORY.

YOUNG black soldier came to our Mission House one day to buy a penny book. I asked him if he could read. He replied, "I am a perfect scholar, sir!"

Now the old negro, of whom I am going to speak, is not a scholar at all. The letters of the alphabet are one-and-twenty mysteries to him, and such they will remain. But, for all that, old Isaac can see "how great things the Lord hath done for him," and how He hath had compassion upon him. The following is his favourite story. "I come from very far. Many years ago, I, with two others, was taken to Kumasi to be sacrificed. My companions were, one after another, put to death, and it was my turn next. But the day before I expected to die I was sent for to the king's place.

When I arrived, I beheld a sight which I had never, in all my life seen before—a white face ! The appearance of that white man led to my rescue ; for, instead of being killed, I was allowed to accompany that same white man down to this place (Cape Coast), where I have heard

God's word, and given him my heart, and joined His people."

Dear children, think of what the Lord has done for you, and give Him your hearts ; or, by and by, you will see this poor black man in the kingdom of God, but yourselves shut out.

A. TAYLOR.

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" DOES JESUS CHRIST LIVE HERE?"



NOT many years ago, as a lady was sitting in the verandah of her Burmese house, a jungle boy came bounding through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and, approaching her, inquired with eagerness, "Does Jesus Christ live here?" He was a boy about twelve years of age, his hair matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine, and a dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in a most slovenly manner about his person. "Does Jesus Christ live here?" he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the verandah and crouched at the lady's feet. "What do you want of Jesus Christ?" she asked. "I want to see Him : I want to confess to Him." "Why, what have you been doing, that you

want to confess?" "*Does He live here?*" he continued, with great emphasis : "I want to know *that*. *Doing?* why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loogyees say that He can save us from hell. Does He live here? O tell me where I can find Jesus Christ!" "But he does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly." "I want to leave off doing wickedly," said the boy ; "but I can't stop ; I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?" "Nothing, but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured. But she spoke these last words in English ; so the boy only raised his head with a

vacant "Ba-ha-lai?" "You cannot see Jesus Christ now," she added, and was answered by a sharp, quick cry of despair. "But I am His humble friend and follower," said the lady; at which the face of the little listener brightened, and she continued: "He has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell, how to do so." The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me, O tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant for life! Do not be angry! Do not send me away! I want to be saved! Save me from hell!" The next day the little boy was introduced to the little bamboo school-house in the character of

the wild Karen boy; and *such* a greedy seeker after truth and holiness had been seldom seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus and the way of salvation; and every day his feelings enlarged and his face gradually lost its look of indescribable stupidity. He was at length baptized, and commemorated the love of that Saviour he had so earnestly sought. He lived a while to testify his sincerity, and died in joyful hope. He had "confessed," and found a deliverer from those sins from which he could not free himself. The lady died also, and she and the wild Karen boy have met in the presence of their common Redeemer.—*The Moravian*.

### THE GOOD WORK IN MADAGASCAR.



NE of the Missionaries has penetrated far into the interior, having reached a town where no white man was ever seen before. On his arrival the people were extremely puzzled to know what kind of being he was. At last one old woman sat down to look at him, and, after peering at him for some time, she delivered herself thus, "Verily a man!"

The sapient observation of a man who was present was "No, a god fallen to the earth!"

Now see what wonderful success it has pleased God to give to the Mission work in Madagascar. When these five Missionaries first went there they found native Missionaries ready, as it were, to hand.

A man who was converted stated that, on one occasion,

while he was intending to denounce some of his own relatives who were suspected of being Christians, in order that he might get their property, he went to the jungle where they were assembled. And what did he hear? He heard these poor devoted Christian people earnestly praying that God would bless him, and the consequence was that he, too, became a Christian. There are now numbers of natives

to be found singing the songs of Zion, and some of them have written to me earnest entreaties that I would do what I could towards sending them helpers in various places. There are, in fact, many large tribes, some of them numbering not less than eight hundred or a thousand people, who are ready, as it were, for the preaching of the Gospel. —*Bishop Ryan.*

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#### READY FOR CHRIST.



**URING** a Missionary journey in China, Mr. and Mrs. Gulick arrived at a place called Yugo, where, says Mrs. Gulick, "for the first few days my room was filled with women from about seven in the morning till late in the afternoon, when we were so weary that we were obliged to contrive some means of obtaining rest and quietness. This was no easy task: to shut the people out might have caused ill-feeling, and perhaps a riot in the street. The only way that seemed practicable and prudent was to mount my donkey, and go two or three miles out into the country. Even there, if we stopped for a few minutes, we were surrounded by villagers.

"Amongst the women, there were always some who entered into the meaning of what I said to them, and appeared more interested in the Gospel than in finding out what we ate or wore.

"The third day after we came to Yugo, while talking to a roomful of women, an old woman came up to me, and, warmly taking my hands, said, 'I am one of the same religion as you: I believe in Jesus. Last New-Year's-day I burnt all my idols, and now I pray only to the true God. When can I be baptized?'

"'Perhaps in a few days,' she was told.

"'But when? I am an old woman. I have no husband and

son. I want to be baptized : then I shall have nothing to do but to die and go to heaven.

“ A picture of our Saviour on the Cross attracted her attention, and she began to tell of His love to sinful men.

“ This old woman was a poor widow named Feng. Two years before, the Gospel of St. John had been taken to her neighbourhood : she had heard and believed. She had got some one to copy for her the whole of St. John ; not that she could read herself, but she wished to have it in her

house, so that she might sometimes hear it read.

“ She was afterwards baptized by Mr. Gulick, and three or four who came from curiosity were much moved. One old woman said, ‘ I believe in Jesus. I want to be baptized.’

“ It was finally decided that those who had for a long time left off worshipping idols, and had continually united in prayer with the Christians, should be baptized on the following Sunday.”



OPENING OF A NEW CHAPEL AT BEGA, FIJI.



IN the morning of Friday, November 13th, we opened the new chapel. The chiefs sent me word that their people wished to come singing, tribe by tribe, from the beach ; and they were careful to impress upon me the fact that the songs to be sung were *lotu* (religious) songs. So I willingly gave my consent, and stationed myself at a window which looks out upon the sea, that I might watch them as they came on. They came, slowly marching, town by town, dressed in their best, their skins glistening with oil, garlands round their necks, and chanting in full chorus songs composed by their own poets.

Two voices lead, loud and shrill, and the crowd slowly moves onward ; then they halt while all join in the chorus ; after which the two voices once more take up the strain, and the procession moves on.

Here is a specimen—

Jesus the path of faith—  
Where is the path ?

Chorus—

A silver path, an emerald path  
A path of pearls.  
All within the city is fine gold—  
Where is the path ?

Two Voices—

John tells us of it ;  
Wonderful is the city !

Chorus—

Its streets are of pure crystal ;  
Wondrous is the fine gold !  
Where is the path ?



*Two Voices—*

The new Jerusalem above;  
Where is the path?

*Chorus—*

Jesus, the path of faith, &c.

There was sung another song  
the chorus of which is—

Weep for your Lord who was slain:  
Rejoice in Him, for He lives!

And so they came on into the  
middle of the chapel, where they  
knelt down, chanted the Lord's

prayer, and then dispersed to the  
sides of the building, leaving an  
open space in the centre for the  
towns following.

All this chanting and march-  
ing in solemn procession took  
up so much time that it was far  
into the afternoon before the  
sermon was over, and the feast  
shared out and devoured.

### SHOEING BULLOCKS.

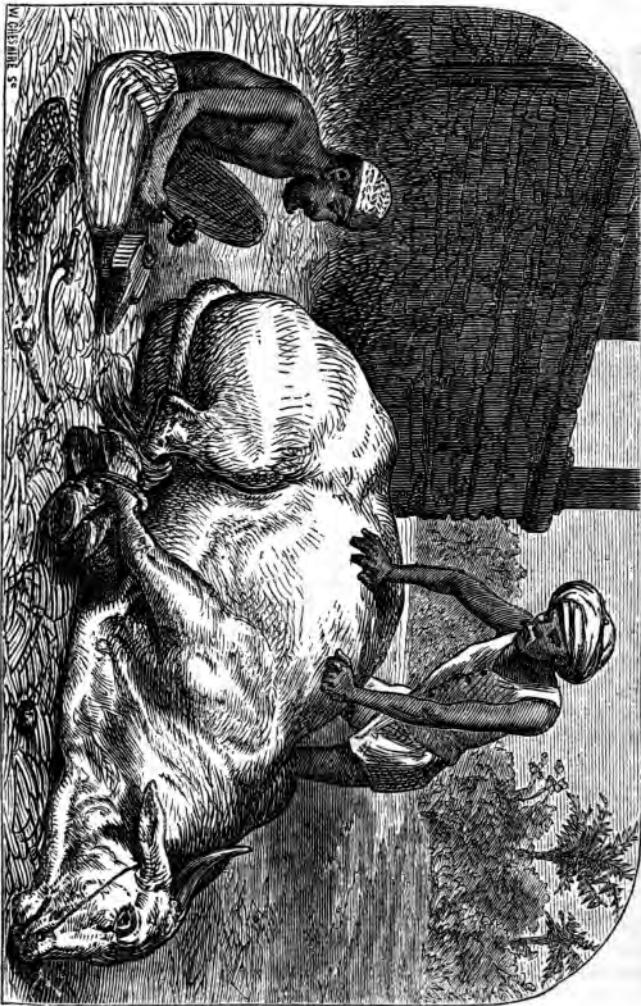


YOU have often read in  
the *Juvenile Offering*  
and elsewhere, that bul-  
locks are used in India,  
instead of horses, for riding,  
driving, drawing carts, plough-  
ing, &c. To save their feet on  
hard roads, it is necessary to  
shoe them. Of course the shoe  
cannot be of the same shape as  
a horse-shoe, for you know  
that bullocks have a cloven or  
divided hoof; so the shoe is  
made in two pieces, one for each  
part of the hoof. These animals  
will not let people hold up their  
feet to examine or shoe them,  
as horses do; so it is necessary  
to throw them down on the  
ground and bind them. To do  
this, a rope is passed round the  
loins of the beast, and drawn  
tight on each side. By this  
means the bullock loses all  
power over its hind legs, and


falls heavily to the ground, on  
its side. The feet are then all  
tied together, and the tail is  
made fast between the legs.  
In this plight it can only com-  
plain in piteous moans whilst  
the shoes are being nailed on.  
Until accustomed to the opera-  
tion the animals struggle vio-  
lently, but to no purpose.

The smith carries all his tools  
in a bag over his shoulder, in-  
cluding the anvil, which is  
fixed in the ground by a sharp  
point, like the one on its end.  
A curved knife is used for paring  
the hoof.

Bullocks are very useful when  
there are either no roads, or  
such bad ones that horses would  
not be able to do the rough work  
upon them. Besides, they live  
upon dry straw, and are there-  
fore kept at but small cost.



## HOA PANG'S CONVERSION.

 HIS account was given by a Chinese, who had kept a Joss-house, or idol-temple, among his countrymen in Victoria, Australia :—

“When I was young I was very poor, and never went to school. I only thought of how to get the means to feed my body. I knew nothing of the doctrines of Confucius, and did not understand Chinese characters. I was like a man sitting in a dark room all by myself, and unable to discern the beautiful light of heaven. I followed Chinese customs, and only asked the idols the kindness to cover me. I never thought of the grace of God ; therefore, when I came to this country I brought idols with me, hoping they would take care of me, and keep me in health, and help me to become rich. I came out to this country hoping to make money. I got a little and went home, but, not feeling satisfied, I returned here, bringing with me an idol whom I trusted for greater prosperity. I placed him in my tent, and finding he was thought highly of, and that many came to worship him, I first thought of building a temple, *in order to make money.* I took

my temple to six different places during the space of eleven years. I made more than 2000*l.* by this speculation ; but I worshipped devils, and my heart was devilish. I gambled, and smoked opium, and committed every iniquity ; therefore my money soon melted away. My body was sick, and my heart was heavy. But my miseries increased at Five Flags. Sometimes Leong On Tong visited me. I argued with him, but he always gave me a good answer. He made me understand the true nature of God, but I could not believe that idols had no spirit, until last year my good friend Davey Quon Jun Gun (whom I have known more than ten years) saw me one day in my temple very miserable, and exhorted me to return to digging. Therefore I let my temple to another man. One day I met Leong On Tong on the road, and told him I had changed my business. He was very glad. Next day he came to Moonlight Flat to see me. He greatly instructed, exhorted and encouraged me. My mates (both Christians) and I went regularly to the Chinese church. I thought the truth good, but I did not truly believe ; therefore, a few



THEIR SORROWS  
SHALL BE  
MULTIPLIED THAT  
HASTEN AFTER  
ANOTHER GOD.

PSALM xvi. 4.

weeks after, I went to another place, and never went to church, and I returned to open sin. But I was very unhappy. One time I went to a Christian friend's house at Maldon. Mark Ah Con said, 'You have listened to this truth, but you do not like to repent: God will punish you.' I thought about it, and returned to Moonlight Flat, and asked my old Christian friends to take me back again. They were very sorry I ever left them; and when I saw how different their lives were, I came to the conclusion that the doctrines they believed must be good, and that I had been foolish to run away from them. Leong On Tong came to Moonlight Flat, and was pleased to see me back, and encouraged me. I said, 'This truth is good, but I can't give up Joss.' He explained to me Revelation—'And I, John, saw these things . . . And I fell down to worship before the face of the angel . . . Then said he unto me, 'See thou do it not.' And he said, 'If the angels must not be worshipped, how much less Joss, who is a dead man? And God forbade the worship of idols.' He prayed with me that God would convert my heart, and guide my mind to soon acknowledge God as my heavenly *Father*, and believe in Jesus as

my Saviour. Since this time the Holy Spirit has shone into my heart, and I understand that to worship images was to sin against God, and to be the owner of a Joss-house was a greater sin, as I was leading others astray. Therefore I said, 'My sin is as great as a mountain.' Day and night I was very sorry with thought; and I wept sleeping and waking, and felt that I deserved God's righteous judgments. I trusted in the Saviour that my sins would be forgiven; and Davey, with a good many Christian friends, met to pray with me morning and night; and Leong On Tong instructed me always, and comforted me, and I was each day more happy than the preceding day.

"The temple and the idols were all the work of my hands; and although not at that time kept by me, I having let them to another man, still they were my property, and I was thus responsible to God for other men's sins. So I determined to remove the temple to Moonlight Flat, and turn it into a house of prayer, and give my idol and fortune-teller to Leong On Tong, to give the minister, to prove to all Christian friends, who are interested in the welfare of Chinamen, that God's power is wonderful, so to have changed

my heart, and disposed me to be His true servant, and to abstain for evermore from worshipping foolish things. I pray that soon every Joss-house keeper may be brought to give up idols, and believe, as I do, the true God.


“I have been ten months listening to the truth, and three months attending the class ; and I am very thankful for the

grace of Christ, which has made me free. I desire to bring disciples to the Saviour ; and I pray God that He will help me to stand fast in the faith, and make me obey His holy commandments unto the end, and take me at length to His kingdom in heaven.

“I give this and my images to my pastors.”

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“COME OVER, AND HELP US !”

“COME over, and help us !” the cry echoes forth  
 From the plains of the south, from the snows of the north ;  
 “The summer is passing, the harvest goes by,  
 While unhelped and unheeded we perish and die.

“Come over, and help us ! We hear from afar  
 Of a dayspring of hope, of a bright dawning star ;  
 But cheerless and hopeless in darkness we dwell,  
 Till a ray from above the deep shadows dispel.

“Send over, and help us ! O can it be true  
 That the word of salvation is given to you,  
 Who labour but faintly the tidings to share  
 With millions fast sinking in doubt and despair ?

“And yet, we have heard that to far English homes  
 Death, e'en as to us, surely, certainly, comes ;  
 And, but for a love which has conquered the tomb,  
 That hour were for you wrapped in darkness and gloom

“O you who have hope, you who fear not to die,  
 Now, now, while life lasts, turn your hearts to our cry :  
 That to your parting hour this thought may be given,  
 ‘I have brought some to Christ who will meet me in heaven !’”

Juvenile Missionary Herald.

## A NOBLE SPIRIT.

**T**HE Rev. J. Nettleton thus writes about a visit he paid lately to a place in one of our Mission Circuits in Fiji.

“On hearing of the very small allowance of clothing given to the Teachers each quarter by the people, I said, “Is any man dissatisfied with his work on this account, and weary of it? If so, let him speak out;” when Fili-moni Taufu spoke up and said, “Was it to seek their property,

air, that we came among these people? no, but to seek their souls; and if we turn many to righteousness we shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. I am old and feeble now, sir, and I only wish to be young again that I might spend my life over again in God’s work.” Among our oldest teachers we have some who will never be surpassed for self-sacrifice, religious power and usefulness.”

## PREACHING BOOTS.

**T**HERE was an old Tongan judge at Lakemba when I was there, who was also one of the chapel-keepers, and whose great delight it was to walk about during sermon time, with a long stick in his hand, wherewith he prodded or thwacked the sleepers into wakefulness, and rebuked the disorderly. Now old Napa (for that was his name) had a full suit of black cloth for Sunday—coat, waistcoat and trousers complete, and, as he put his feet into the biggest, thickest soled, creakingest boots that ever shoemaker put an awl into, his going to and fro in the Lakemba chapel was a positive *nuisance*, especially as that

chapel is a wooden one, built on piles, and the floor used to resound beneath his heavy tread. One Sunday I had a bad cold, and so gave my appointment to Nathaniel Koroivuki, a Lakemba chief, who is noted for his fearlessness and openness of speech. Napa was going about as usual with his boots and his big stick, and at last Nathaniel stopped in the middle of his discourse—

“Napa!” he cried, “I cannot endure your boots. If your boots are appointed to preach, let them preach, and I will be silent; but if it be my appointment, then let your boots be quiet.”

And the old Tongan slunk away to his seat with much shame and confusion of face.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1869.



AN INDIAN CAMP  
MEETING.

THE *Pacific Advocate* gives a very pleasing account of a great Methodist Camp Meeting of North American Indians, held this summer. A great many Indians were present, and were ready to tell of the good things which religion had done for them and their families. Some of the new converts spoke with beautiful simplicity and earnestness of the blessings they had received. One said :

“When I was a small boy, I heard Mr. Lee and Mr. Perkins preach, and I got a good heart. For a few years I kept that heart, but got in with bad white men and Indians, and lost the good out of my heart, and became very bad. My mind was dark



as night, and my heart hard like a stone. Nine years ago, I came on this reservation, and heard about Jesus dying for sinners, and began to pray that my stony heart might be taken away, and a new soft heart be given me. God heard my prayer, and made me happy, and now I am happy every day in God. I want all the people to come to Jesus and be made good. This happiness is not like the happiness I have in money. If I have ten dollars in my hand it does not make my heart happy, but the love of Jesus does."


George Watters said : "My heart to day is light and warm with the love of God. I mean never to take a step back. I got

in through the strait gate into the narrow way, behind Jesus ; and I mean to keep up close to Jesus until He shall receive me up to heaven."

Thomas Pearne said : "When Brother Wilbur came here I was a small boy, and my mind was dark. I was like a man having no eyes and no heart. I went to school six months before I began to pray. In a short time God heard my prayer and forgave my sins. Now I am very anxious that all my people shall come and taste how good the Lord is. I am trying to teach the good and the right way, and God blesses me in His work."

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#### REAPING IN JOY.

R. LEPOIDS, a devoted Missionary, writes a most encouraging letter in the *Missionary Magazine* from Paris, showing the progress of the Gospel in France. We extract the following :—

"A woman of Chauny, near Fontainebleau, to whom I have lately explained the way of salvation by grace through faith in Jesus Christ, cried out suddenly, with her eyes filled with

tears, 'How glorious is this Divine way of salvation. I never understood this Divine method before !' and she began to praise God with a loud voice, in the presence of her daughter and before me. I had sowed in tears, the Lord made me reap with joy. Blessed be His name ! Pray much for us.

"The Police came again, at the instance of the Attorney-General, to inquire my name and the names of my father and

mother. They spoke of another prosecution. I cannot tell what new mischief my enemies are plotting against me ; but God's Spirit seems to say, 'Fear not, nor be afraid, for I will be with thee.'

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### A LESSON IN AN AFRICAN SCHOOL.



HERE do you children go when you leave school ?

" We go home, missis."

" To whose home do you go ?"

" To our own home."

" But why do you go there ?"

" Because our faders and moders lib dere—it is our right place. Missis always tell go home when school done, and no play in street."

" Very well ; I am glad you do as you are told. Now, can any girl tell me where she will go when she leaves this world ?"

One answered, " To de burying ground."

" Yes ; your *bodies* will be taken there, for that is their right place ; but where will your *souls* go ? When they leave your *bodies*, to what *home* will they go ?

For some moments there was a dead silence ; the girls seemed lost in thought. I repeated the question thus : " This world is like a school. We are placed in this world by God to learn, and when we have done learning

we must leave it. Where, then, shall we go ? The body dies, but the soul does not die."

A child of nine replied : " No, missis, when me body die me soul stand before de great God."

" And what will God do with your soul ?"

" Suppose me good in dis world, and try for please de blessed Saviour, den God take me soul to His home in de heben. Suppose me bad in dis world, and no pray, and no try for please de Good Fader, den He send me soul away, and it lib in de dark, dark place."

" What sort of a place is heaven ?"

" A fine, fine place, where God libs."

" Does God live there alone ?"

" No, missis, angels lib dere, and plenty good people lib dere ; and me, me hope, me lib dere too."

" What sort of a place is hell ?"

" A dark, dark place, full of fire, where de debil lib, and all de bad people who no lub de blessed Jesus."

"Why will not God take bad people to heaven?"

"Because hell is de home for de debil, and de bad people belong to de debil, and dey go to him. But heben is de home for de good people, and when dey die God take dem to dem right home."

"You would all like to go to heaven when you die, would you not?"

"Yes."

"But you are not all good. Some of you are disobedient and quarrelsome; you tell lies and use bad words: how are you to get to heaven?"

"We must pray God make us good before we die."

"But do you know when you will die?"

"No, missis"

"Might you die this very night?"

"Yes, missis, if God please."

"Then when should you pray to be made good?"

"Now, missis; me must pray ebery day."

It is but fair to say that this dear child was the daughter of Christian parents, and had been better taught and trained than the heathen girls.

One day, when I was ill, she came and read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and repeated the name of *Nicodemus* a

great many times, until she felt sure she should remember it.

But when she came to it again she paused, looked into my face with a half-puzzled, half-vexed expression, and said: "Me forget dat man's name again; me no sabby what come to me head dis time."

When I told her the name again, she repeated it over and over several minutes, and then exclaimed: "Ah, Massa Nicodemus, me no forget you again?"

Then followed the lesson: "Harriet, what is meant by being 'born again'?"

"Me no sabby."

"Stop and think." After a long and thoughtful pause, she said:

"Dat time me come into dis world, dat born one time; when me die and go into anoder world, that born two times; dat mean 'born again.'"

"Think again, Harriet; for your answer is not quite right. You remember the Missionary preaching about this a short time ago, and we talked about it in the school?" Presently the child started to her feet:

"Ah, me sabby now! Dis heart me got no good. Suppose God take dis heart away and gib me new heart, den me born again."

"Perfectly correct; but how

are you to get this new heart?"

"Me must pray God gib it me for de sake of Jesus."

"But will God hear the prayer of a little girl like you?"

"Yes, missis, me read in me lesson-book me may pray God though me be little child."

"Very good; but have you not read anything about Jesus loving little children in your New Testament?"

"Ah, yes! me tink it now. Long, long time ago you tell Jesus take childer in Him arms and bless dem. Jesus lib in dis world dat time, but now him in

heben. But Him lub little childer, and if dem want be good and pray, Him will bless dem and make dem happy. Ah! me wish me lib den when Jesus lib in dis world. Me like for see Jesus—me like for feel Him hand upon my head."

Harriet was a remarkable child; very clever, and noted for asking hard questions, and giving shrewd answers. She was odd in some of her ways, fickle, and quick-tempered with her schoolfellows, but universally liked.—*From "African Girls."*

### WE MUST NOT LEAVE THEM THERE.



It is plainly seen in many parts of India that whatever else Christian Missions have done, they have loosened the faith of the people from their old superstitions. But we are bound, having taken away the wrong religion, to give them the right.


A Baptist Missionary, accompanied by a native preacher, talked to a company of men in a blacksmith's shop about their errors. When he had done, the blacksmith said: "You have thrown us all down into the mud: will you leave us there? If your religion cannot

give good natures, pray what religion can? Speak, Sahib, we continue to hear."

"I replied," says the Missionary, "If I have cast you down in the mud, my friend, Mathoor, here will lift you out of it. Look in my face no more. Look in his: he will now tell you of the safe refuge and the true atonement."


"And he did tell them, most beautifully, simply, and earnestly, till, the heat becoming almost insupportable, we were obliged, about ten o'clock, to give up, and make a hasty retreat to the boat."

## AN INDIAN'S APPEAL.

T a Missionary meeting in Hamilton, Canada West, John Sunday, Wesleyan native preacher, closed his speech thus: "There is a gentleman who I suppose is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I do not know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time when he ought to be out doing good. His name is gold. Mr. Gold, are you here to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold. Come

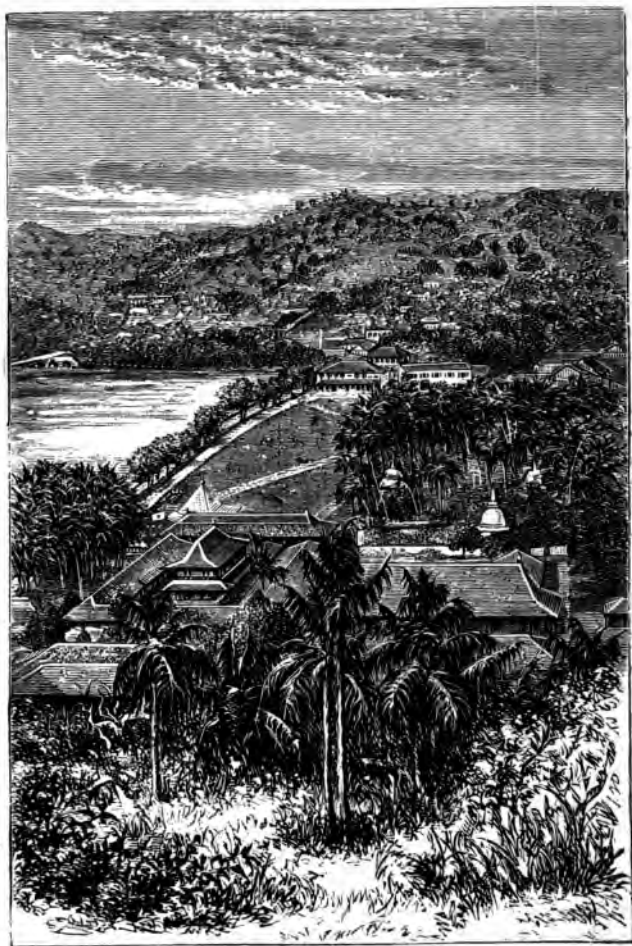
out and help us to do this great work—to preach the Gospel to every creature. Ah! Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver. He does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at your little brown brother, Mr. Copper. He is everywhere. Your poor little brown brother is running about doing all he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your shirt—that is a bank-note."

## KANDY.

KANDY is a lovely spot, in the very middle of Ceylon; but in it have been done some of the most horrid deeds that ever disgraced the land. It was once the capital of the island, and the place where the king lived.

The kings of Ceylon were great tyrants, and very small faults were often quickly punished by death. On the open green, in the middle of the picture, there took place the dreadful scene which led to

the dethronement of the last king, and the taking of the town by the British. A conspiracy was formed amongst the king's subjects; for they hated him for his cruelty and injustice. The plot, however, was found out, and the chief man in it fled to Colombo, to seek the protection of the English. The king was determined to have revenge: so he sent for this man's wife and family, and his brother and his wife as well. For a time they



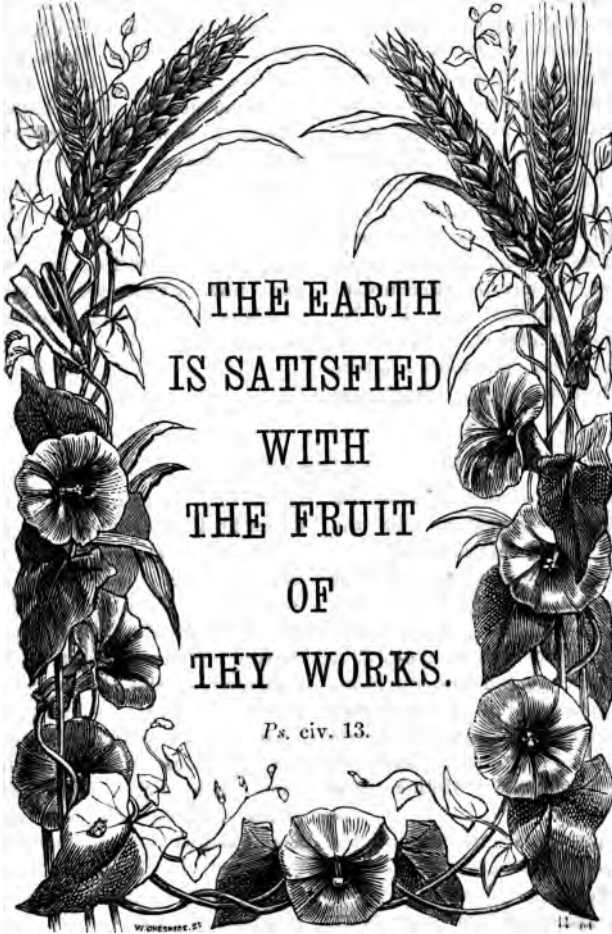
were kept in prison ; and, on an appointed day, before a great crowd of people, the brother was beheaded. The conspirator's heroic wife was then led into a space which had been cleared. She declared that she and her children were innocent, but were quite ready to yield to the king's will. Then, turning to her eldest child, a boy of eleven years old, she bade him give himself up to the hands of the executioner. The poor boy clung to her, greatly frightened. But the second son, standing boldly forward, said, "I will show you how to die !" In a moment his head was struck off, and thrown into a rice mortar ; and the wretched mother was forced to lift and work the long pestle. Each of the children, the youngest but a baby, suffered the same fate.

The last time we visited Kandy we went to see the sepulchres of the kings. An old priest told us that he had himself witnessed the dreadful scene just described, and also the death of the poor mother herself. Over a tank was stretched a large kind of mat, tied by each corner to some trees which grew close by. Into this the woman mounted, together with her sister-in-law. *At a given signal*, the execu-

tioner came near to cut the ropes ; but the woman, standing up, exclaimed, "You shall not come near me ! Am I not descended from the kings ? I know how to die." Then, snatching the knife from his hand, she cut the cords, and she and her companion sank together in the water.

The very next year the cruel king was a captive in the hands of the English, who sent him to Vellore, in India, where he died in 1832.

You will see a large sheet of water in the picture. This is an ornamental lake in the midst of the town, formed by this same king, about five years before his captivity. Around that part of it, which faces the palace, and the famous temple where the sacred tooth is kept, is a wall, having in it a double row of three-cornered holes. In these, on great occasions, were placed lights, which were reflected on the water, and must have made a beautiful scene. But though this lake adds much to the beauty of the town, one cannot but feel sad at the thought, that it was dug out by those who, like the Israelites in Egypt, were forced to the work, with this difference, that it was their own king, and not a foreigner, who forced them.





Kandy is 1600 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by high hills. Half way up these, many large houses have been built, while the hill-tops are being gradually covered with coffee plantations. The present population is about 15,000. The town can boast of a railway station, a library, a hospital, a gaol, barracks, and banks, beside government offices, and good shops or stores. There are three churches and a Baptist chapel. No Methodist chapel is yet to be found there: but there are true Methodist hearts, Singalese

and others, to be found worshipping in a small room, which has been hired by our members there, and true Methodist workers are doing their best to raise money to build a chapel.

Our Missionaries began to work in Kandy in 1836; but, after three years, were obliged to give it up, as they were too few. Two years ago it was again made a station, and we have now seventy-two church members, besides many fellow-worshippers.

MARY.

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#### A SAD SIGHT.



NE of our Missionaries in Bangalore tells the following sad story.

The other day, as I was returning from the Petta, after preaching, I saw a father teaching his little girl of about four years of age to worship Mári, the most terrible of the Hindu goddesses. He joined the hands of the child, bowed its head, and told it to say, "Mother, save me!"

The little girl uttered the prayer to the awful goddess, and the father patted her on her head, and smoothed her long black hair, evidently much delighted. *Just then I went to him and*

asked him what he had been telling his little daughter. Looking at her most benignantly as he caressed her cheek—"To pray to God." "What God?" I asked. "To Mári." "Who is Mári?" "The greatest of all goddesses. She drives away disease, or sends it, as she wishes. That my little daughter here" (and he stood up, and put his timid little girl—for she was afraid—between his legs, and again smiled on her) "may be preserved in health, I have taught her to pray, 'Mother save me!'" I told the little girl not to be afraid of me; and besought the father never to teach

her again to pray to that which "I must go, Sir;" and away he  
 is only an imaginary goddess, went. The little girl then turned  
 and has no more power over the back, put her hand to her fore-  
 disease than a stone; but to head, and made such a gentle  
 pray to Him who has said, salam. Oh, there is a great deal  
 "Suffer little children to come to be done yet in India! Bre-  
 unto me." The man then said, thren, pray for us!

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THE LITTLE PREACHER.



ONE day some little girls had met  
 Outside a cottage door;  
 They were not children of the rich,  
 But daughters of the poor.  
 Their homes were not on English soil,  
 But in an island glade,  
 Where bread-fruit grows, and palm-trees wave,  
 And tamarinds cast their shade.  
 Awhile they stood in converse loud,  
 And longer still they staid;  
 Till I impatient grew, and went  
 To ask a little maid,  
 "What means this talking here to day?  
 What is the matter, dear?"  
 And she replied, "O come with me,  
 And very soon you'll hear."  
 And to the door I went, in time  
 To hear one warmly say;  
 "O come with us, Salome, come,  
 Ours is the only way!"  
 "The only way to what, my child?"  
 I asked with great dismay,  
 "To Jesus, ma'am, who is to us,  
 The life, the truth, the way.  
 "This is a little Popish girl,  
 And so deluded too,  
 Thinks praying to the Virgin is  
 All she has got to do:

## THE LITTLE PREACHER.

And we are telling her that Christ  
 Came to this world to save  
 All that believe on Him in truth ;  
 For them His life He gave."

I know not what Salome thought  
 Of arguments so sound ;  
 But this I know, that in that group  
 A little girl was found,  
 Who did confess that Jesus had  
 Her childish sins forgiven ;  
 Who lived as if she sought by grace  
 To be made fit for heaven.

When, after this, some weeks had gone  
 Her mother came to me,  
 And said, "Jemima's very ill,  
 As ill as she can be."

I gave her something at the time,  
 To ease her daughter's pain.  
 A few days more had pass'd away  
 When next the mother came.

Her face was sad : I saw she tried  
 Her rising grief to quell.  
 At last she said, "Jemima's dead  
 But she has finish'd well.  
 She lov'd the Saviour here below,  
 And did not fear to die :  
 She now has triumph'd o'er the grave,  
 And sees Him eye to eye."

Dear children all, the lesson learn,  
 Of this once heathen child ;  
 And give your hearts, while young, to God,  
 Ere by the world beguil'd.  
 Then, like Jemima, when you die,  
 'Twill be but to be blest  
 In holy mansions of the Lord,  
 Where saints for ever rest.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1869.



SUFFERING AND TRUST.



WHILE I was at Cape Coast, Western Africa, a few months ago, a poor slave woman, who came from the interior of that great country, made to me the following statement—

“I thank God for what He has done for me. Religion is sweet indeed. It comforts me. I thank God, not with my lips only, but in my heart. I belonged to a good family. That family were very kind to me, and I wanted for nothing. But now they are all gone. Not one is left. God has taken them away, one by one, and I am left alone. I feel very lonely, and often shed tears. There is the room where I used to live, with my children all about me. I occupy that room still. But my children are all gone. My trouble is such, that if it had not been for my religion

I should have drunk poison, or taken a string and hanged myself, as many of my neighbours do at such times. But I bless God, He has comforted me under all my troubles, and done many things which have greatly astonished me. When I have been sick and unable to stir, and in want of something to eat, but did not know where it was to come from, God has put it into the heart of some kind friend to bring me food. When I have been burnt with fever, and ready to die of thirst, some one


has brought me a drink of water. All this is owing to the Lord's mercy, and I thank Him very much. Whatever God is pleased to send upon me, whether want or sickness, I pray that He may be with me; then I will gladly bear all. I also pray that He may keep me faithful till death, and then take me to that place where they neither hunger nor thirst, and where tears will be all wiped away."

ALFRED TAYLOR.

*Oundle, Sept. 14, 1869.*

## WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN IN AFRICA.

### HOW A LITTLE ONE FOUND REST.

HE Good Shepherd gathered in His arms a tender lamb of seven years.

"Betty, do you love Jesus?" Her eye brightened, and then filled with tears, as she replied:

"Missis, me want for lub Jesus, but me heart no good enough. Me want for lub Him here, den when me die me go see Him, and lib wid Him in dat fine world."

"And would you leave us all—father, mother, sister, teacher, and school-fellows?"

"*Missis*, me lub me fader, me

lub me moder, me lub all de school-girls, me lub massa, me lub you missis—Oh, so much! but me lub de' blessed Jesus more dan all. Oh, kind Jesus, take dis naughty heart away! gib me new heart, and den take me to heben!"

The child's prayer was heard. Within a few weeks she was taken ill, and three days of wasting sickness carried her to the grave. Betty's end was victorious, and even triumphant. I was too ill to leave my bed; but the monitors were with her day and night, and I was enabled to

exchange loving messages with the dear, dying child. All were struck with her peace and joy; and all were affected by the tender, touching words of love spoken to her parents and sister, entreating her to love Jesus and meet her in heaven. When the end came, she said: "Oh, de music! de sweet, sweet music!" Then, "Me tired—Oh, so tired! Please, Good Fader, send de angels to fetch poor Betty." And so the *tired* little one sank to rest.

Betty was a loving and much loved child. Her affectionate, sympathy-seeking nature endeared her to us all. She was all sunshine.

#### HOW FATIMA WAS MADE HAPPY.

At this time I received a deep and sudden impression of the necessity of more direct personal religious conversation with the girls; and to gain this object I began a Thursday evening class, to which I invited those who were concerned about the salvation of their souls. The first evening six came, and Fatima was among them. The poor girl came in weeping, remained on her knees during singing and prayer, and then rose and took her seat—still weeping. I then explained my object in inviting them to meet me, referred to

the powerful striving of the Spirit with some of them, and offered my best counsel to lead them to the Lamb of God.

Turning to the weeping girl, I asked the cause of her sorrow. As soon as her full heart would let her, she replied, "Oh, me such a wicked sinner! Oh, what me do? God neber can forgib me—me bad too much."

I spoke of Jesus, of His suffering and death upon the cross, and of His pleading in heaven. She exclaimed:

"Oh no, no! Him neber can lub me—me bad, bad, bad too much. Me steal—me tell de lie—me curse—me swear—me mock de Missionary—me mock de missis—me mock de house of God! Oh no, God never forgib! Jesus neber lub sinner bad like me!"

I told her of other cases of chief sinners who had died forgiven, and gone to heaven. Then she broke out again:

"Oh no, no! me neber go to heben — me neber see de Saviour — me fit fa de bad place!"

I returned to Christ's dear promise to receive all comers. "Fatima, I told you I should come here to-night to speak to you about your soul; did you believe me?"

"O yes, me sure you come,"

me sure you come if you no sick !”

“Then cannot you believe Jesus, who promises to receive you, and in no wise cast you out, and who is here waiting to comfort you ?” Still she sighed and wept, but found no peace. One of the monitors went home with the poor penitent ; and finding her parents were out at a country dance, and would not return until the next day, she remained with her all night. After hours of distress and wrestling prayer, the answer came ; the light broke in on the poor Moslem child : that wretched hut was filled with a glory like that which plays on the gate of heaven, and angels shared the joy. Next day she came to school looking so serenely happy. In answer to my affectionate inquiry, she said :

“Me heart feel”—and the big tears ran down her sable cheeks, and she caught my hand—“me heart feel light—no dark at all ; me heart feel peace—no afraid at all ; me heart feel quiet—no tremble at all ; me heart feel glad—no sorry at all ; for Good Fader forgib all me sin !” This was too much : my own heart could not hold the blessing, and I retired to my room, and sought relief in a flood of grateful happy tears.

A serious and earnestly religious spirit now pervaded the whole school. The children were often seen on their knees. They came to school in little bands, singing as they came. The whole tone was improved. We were in a new world.—From “*African Girls*,” by a *Missionary's Widow*.

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CHONG-ENG.



HIS story, told by Mrs. Nevius, the wife of an American Missionary, shows well some of the great difficulties which lie in the way of a convert making public profession of Christianity in China. This young man, whose name was Chong-eng,

“had been for years in the school ; but it was not until the time drew near that he must leave us that he became more particularly anxious upon the subject of religion. His mother was a poor woman, and, in a measure, dependent upon him for support. She had looked

forward to his leaving the school with impatience, and had secured for him what she considered a good situation in business. What were her grief, then, and indignation, when she found that these cherished plans were to be thwarted, and, worse still, both he and she to be disgraced through his becoming a Christian !

When Chong-eng had quite made up his mind to confess Christ, he went to his mother to tell her. As he had expected, she received the news with a storm of tears and curses. But he was firm, and went back to the school, where he had a few days more to stay. On the Saturday before he was baptized his mother came to try once more to prevent what she so much feared. Threats, arguments, entreaties, were freely used, not only with Chong-eng, but also with us, for having, as she said, perverted her son. Mr. Nevius and I both tried, in every possible way, to calm her fears, and soften her prejudices ;

but with no success. At length she gave herself up to despair. I never saw a more wretched-looking creature. She was kept at our house for some days, by a storm ; but I could not get her to eat our rice. She would not be indebted for food to those who had thus caused the ruin of her son. I remember her well, as she sat, hour after hour, on the side of her bed, scarcely speaking a word to any one, and looking as disappointed and ill-tempered as possible.

Years passed. Chong-eng became a minister of the Gospel, and a very useful man. He married a pretty and amiable girl, who had been adopted, when a child, by Dr. and Mrs. McCartee. His mother—the bitter enemy of Christianity, and most violent opposer, though she did it in ignorance—has since followed her son's example, and professed Christ before men. Surely we ought not to limit the power and grace of God !—From "*Our Life in China.*"

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### NARRAPUT AND THE ROBBERS.



**HINDOO** Christian, named Narraput, was on a journey preaching and distributing tracts. He had to pass near a village of

robbers. Two hundred banditti were there, under a chief who was the terror of the country. Narraput fell into their hands. They hated him for his ~~Christianity~~



ity, and they were accustomed to deeds of blood. So there seemed little chance for him. He asked for a pipe. They consented. All understood that he was to be spared a few minutes, and then killed. He knew they would not kill him whilst he was smoking. So he proceeded very slowly, and began to talk to them of the judgment-day. The robbers were impatient, and

said, "Finish your pipe." But Narraput did not hurry to do so. He silently prayed to God, and told them how we shall *all* stand before Christ; but how we may be saved through His death. At length they began to weep. Then he felt safe. So he said, "Take your pipe." He continued to preach to them a long time. We hope good was done.

#### OUR TRIPPLICANE DAY-SCHOOL.

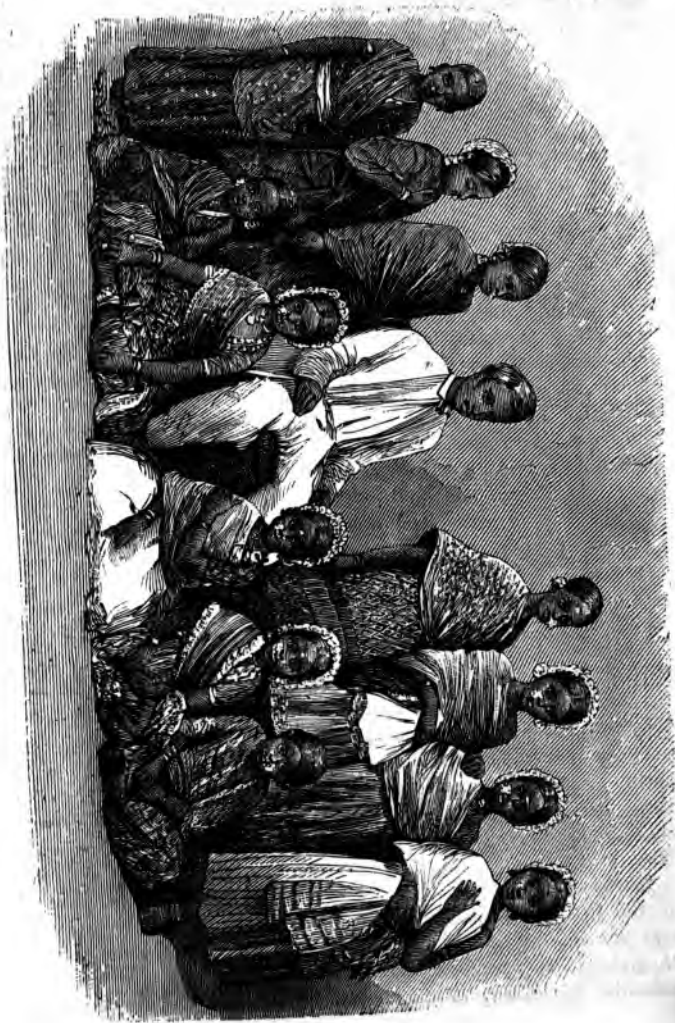


E are very glad to be able to give you a picture from one of our schools in India. The group is specially interesting, as it contains several girls of high *caste*; and you have often heard how difficult it has been to get these to come to our schools. The three girls standing on the left of the master, and the little girl sitting at the end, in front of them, are all of the Brahman *caste*, and their presence there, mixing with others, shows something of the advance which our work is gradually making in India, against the greatest difficulty with which it has to contend.

But the most interesting part of our picture is the central figure, the Head Teacher, about *whom we have something to tell*

you, which you will be glad to hear. His name will rather puzzle you: it is Kalyāma-Rāma. He is a Brahman of the highest *caste*, a Sastri, whose office it is to study the sacred books, and perform religious ceremonies in the houses of the people. He was brought up in our English school at Manaargody, together with other youths of his own age and position. He was quick at learning, and always earnest in his attention to religious questions, but often keen in his opposition to Christianity.

All the while, however, a good work was really being secretly done in his heart, and, when he was about sixteen years old, he came privately to the Missionary for reading and prayer. Soon afterwards, the heathen



mark, painted daily on his forehead, disappeared. This was the first open profession of the change in him ; and it soon became known that he was seeking to become a Christian. Then he began to suffer great persecution at home, and was obliged to claim the protection of the law, which gives religious liberty to all. The whole town in which he lived was moved against him, chiefly those of his own *caste*. It would be impossible here to give you a history of all he was called to pass through. Nothing could turn him from his purpose. The magistrate, himself a heathen and a Brahman, once said to him : "Well, but if you become a Christian, your mother will count you dead ; your relatives will cease to acknowledge you : what will you do then ?"

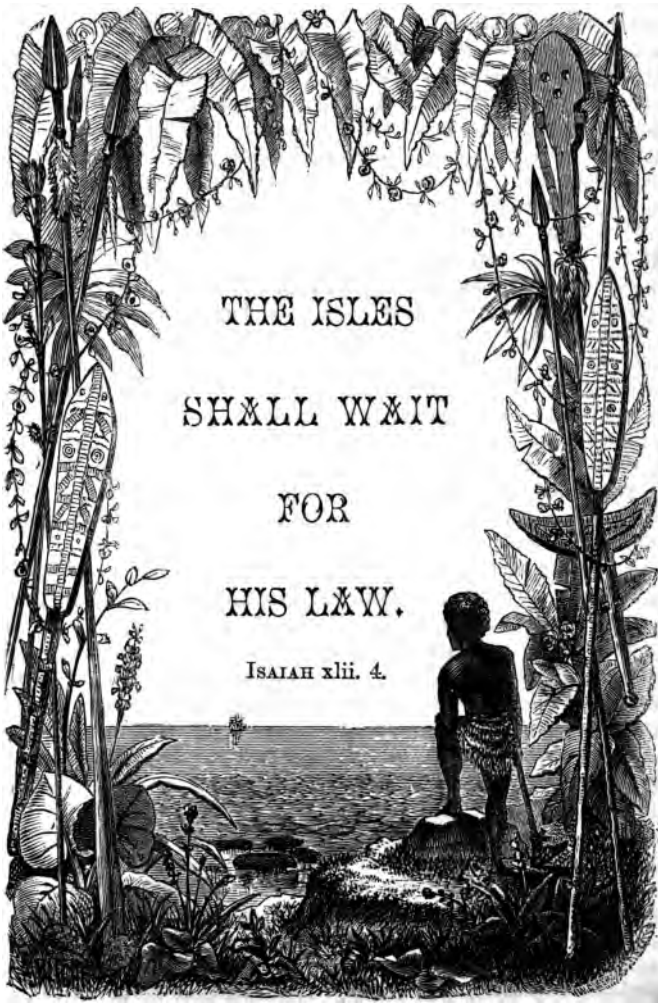
Then he quietly made answer : "Behold the fowls of the air ; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ?" The Lord Jesus said that, Sir, and I believe Him."

It was at last agreed that he should go back to his friends for one month, on condition that they should not persecute him, or hinder his liberty of choice ;

and that if, after that time, his purpose was unchanged, he should be left free to follow it out.

A very painful history followed. The young seeker after Christ was kept away for ten months, and all the promises made by his friends were broken. He was fiercely persecuted, or, at times, entreated with the most touching earnestness, not to change his religion. And all this time he was cut off from all Christian counsel and sympathy. It was no wonder if, sometimes, the poor youth, beset on every hand, felt as though he must yield and give up Christ. But, through all the trial, the Lord watched over him. He came back to Manaargody, and went to Mr. Simpson, the Missionary. Once more he enjoyed the blessing of his loving advice and encouragement, and once more they joined in prayer together.

Again Râma claimed the protection of the law from the persecution, which now began to rise afresh ; and this time he succeeded in securing liberty to do as he chose. You have heard that the Hindus wear a thread or string, as the special mark of their religion. This sacred cord Râma forthwith threw into a ditch by the road-side, and was soon received into the church by



THE ISLES  
SHALL WAIT  
FOR  
HIS LAW.  
ISAIAH xlii. 4.

baptism. Mr. Simpson thus writes about him—

"In 1863 I went to Madras, and had much to do with our young native agents. I had daily opportunity of witnessing Râma's earnest piety, diligent habits, and exemplary walk. Very frequently I went out with him and his companions into the villages, 'teaching' and preaching the kingdom of God ;' and I had every ground to hope that he would prove 'an able minister of the New Testament.' For four or five years there was an utter separation between him and his father's house. No relative acknowledged him : he was as one dead. But just before I left Madras his elder brother, who had been his most bitter persecutor, called to see him, and I do hope that the reconciliation then effected has since deepened into a complete restoration of family feeling."

Râma, after careful probation, has been now admitted on trial as a native minister. Another very interesting matter concern-

ing him has yet to be told. He has married a most excellent wife, trained in our Madras boarding-school. She is by birth a Pariah, that is, of the lowest *caste*; but by grace she has become a good Christian, and the young Brahman, who would once have shrunk with horror from her very touch, has found in her a comely, intelligent and well-educated wife.

Before Râma was proposed as a candidate for the ministry he wrote to the Rev. W. O. Simpson : 'But, oh what a responsibility it is ! I, with Moses, am inclined to say, 'I am not eloquent, but I am slow of speech, and am of a slow tongue.' But 'woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel.'"

Now as you look at our picture again, and think what that good man has endured for Christ's sake, you will readily join in the prayer that he may be long spared to live a useful life among his countrymen, and may lead many of them to the Saviour.

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"GODS MANY."



HE gods of the Japanese now number eight millions ! No wonder they often cannot determine which particular god to worship.

In a recent letter from Bishop Williams he refers to a man who made an offering to idols ; but when asked to which god he had sacrificed, he could not tell.

WORK FOR LITTLE ONES.



HERE is no little child too small  
To work for God ;  
There is a mission for us all,  
From Christ the Lord.

'Tis not enough for us to give  
Our wealth alone ;  
We must entirely for Him live,  
And be His own.

Though poverty our portion be,  
Christ will not slight  
The lowliest little one, so he  
With God be right.

The poor, the sorrowful, the old,  
Are round us still ;  
God does not always ask our gold,  
But heart and will.

Father, O give us grace to see  
A place for us,  
Where, in thy vineyard, we for thee  
May labour thus!

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GOOD WORK IN A PRISON.



NE of our native ministers in Ceylon, the Rev. Z. Nathanielsz, gives this very interesting account of Gospel-work done amongst those who are always to be cared for, for the sake of Him who "received publicans and sinners."

About the latter part of last year we had a very prosperous work in the jail here. Several prisoners became anxious inquirers after the truth, and the

Lord seemed to bless the preaching of His word among the unhappy inmates. Lately I asked Mr. Cummins to accompany me to the jail, in order to speak to those whom I am in the habit of addressing every Sunday evening. He very suitably took for his subject the conversion of St. Paul, and explained to them what he was before and after the change wrought in his heart. He likewise urged on his hearers to endeavour to receive the

same grace that has been shown to the persecutor. They seemed to listen to him with great attention ; and subsequently several of them became weekly attendants at our Sunday service, together with two others, who had been, by the blessing of God, previously admitted into the church. Among the prisoners there was an ex-priest, who became an anxious inquirer after the truth ; but, unhappily for him, the Peons having heard of this, they began to persecute him, so as to induce the man to give up his reading the Bible and other books, by which he was endeavouring to know the truth. Though he kept back for some time through the ill-treatment he had to suffer, yet his convictions about his sinful state were so heavy, that, despite the cruel punishment he had received at the hands of the Peons, he resolved to become an open worshipper, and attended at our chapel. One day, when I was returning from Babarenda, I met this man at a working party a few miles from the fort, when he showed me the marks of the stripes he had received at the hands of his enraged persecutors. He said that he was willing to suffer this temporal punishment, and to seek, notwithstanding this, the

salvation of his soul. As he expressed a desire to come to our chapel, I spoke to the jailer, and obtained for him the necessary permission. He continued this way and was an earnest seeker for about three months or so ; but lately the Peons in the jail have introduced, it seems, some publications of the noted blasphemous Priest ; and now his mind is conflicting between some of the statements therein made and certain passages of the Bible. Notwithstanding this unhappy state of things, I have good hope the Lord will yet bring this poor man out of darkness into light, and enable him earnestly to believe and lay hold of Christ as his only Saviour.

Seeing the low state in which the work has been, a few of the faithful here have proposed to set apart one week in every month, for the purpose of imploring the Lord's mercy on His people, and that He would again revive His work in this place. If the same practice could be carried out by our brethren in other churches also, it would, I am sure, be the means of bringing rich blessings upon the land, and causing once more the Spirit to stir up the hearts of those who have fallen back from their first love.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1869.

WEST-AFRICAN SUPERSTITIONS.



THE people of Western Africa are very superstitious, and believe in charms, or, as they call them, "medicines," to guard their bodies from hurt, and their goods from theft; for thieving is very common in the country, as, indeed, it is even in our own land. There is far more excuse for these Africans, who, as children, have but little chance of learning anything good; for, as soon as they are big enough to carry a burden, they are sent off to market to sell fruit and vegetables, corn and spices; being taught to cheat those who buy of them, and often showing how quick they are to learn evil by cheating their parents themselves.

One of the greatest charms is called Shango's Torch. Now this Shango is the god of thunder; and a likeness of one

of his images does very well for the capital T to begin this chapter with.

When a farmer has some corn or yams, which he wants to guard, he hangs over them the husk of an Indian-corn ear. This



Shango's Torch ; and when the people see it, they will steal nothing, believing that, if they do, Shango will take the torch, set it on fire, and burn down their houses, and, perhaps, themselves too.

Another charm which they use is the tail of an alligator. This creature is something like a crocodile, a huge lizard with hard, scaly skin, its body often as thick as that of a big man. It lives either on land or in fresh water, generally feeding on fish, but not refusing men, women or children when he can catch them. The people hold these terrible creatures in great dread, and believe that, should they steal anything over which the tail hangs, the next time they go on the water an alligator will upset their canoe or boat, and eat them up.

Here is a true alligator story. A man living at a place called Ba-dag'-ry, went out in a canoe fishing, but as he did not return the people began to wonder what had become of him. At last a man said he had seen him knocked out of the canoe by an alligator's tail, and afterwards devoured. Some people thought this was not true, and that perhaps the poor fellow had been murdered. So they set to work *to try to catch the alligator, to*

see whether the report was false or not. They put a dead dog on a large hook, and threw it into the water. Soon after, an alligator was found dead on the river-bank, with the hock in its throat ; and when it was cut open they found the cap and sandals of the missing man inside it ; and thus they knew that he had been eaten by the hungry monster.

Here is another tale, and not so sad a one. An alligator was in the habit of taking a night-walk now and then, from the river to a large pond at some distance. One night it missed its way, and got into a compound. A compound is a large square place, enclosed with huts and a fence. No one was allowed to go out of these huts after dark, unless he carried a light with him ; for, in spite of Shango's torches and alligators' tails, there were so many things stolen, that this rule was made. A man was keeping guard, and, hearing something creeping about, thought it must be some one going out in the dark to steal. So the black watchman called out, "Who tums dare ? Who tums dare ?" As he got no answer, he entered the compound to search. The alligator being startled, tried to climb over the fence, and the watchman, sure

that he had found a thief, caught the creature in his arms, and hugged it tight. But he soon found out that he was mistaken, and dropped it in a hurry, crying out, "You no be person!" Another man was called to help, and the two together managed to shoot the intruder, which had caused so much disturbance.

We shall have more to tell you another time about these West Africans. In the mean-

while, do not forget them. You cannot go to tell them the good things which you have been taught; but the servants of God go to teach them the Gospel of Christ Jesus, whereby they may be saved from their sins, and learn to live honest and godly lives. Pray for the Missionaries and their charge, that God would make the good work very prosperous.

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PING-FONG.



PING-FONG was a great favourite of mine. His history was a strange one. One morning there was a knock at the outer door of the school-court. A servant, opening it, found a small boy, who said he wished to attend the school. He was ragged and weary; and, had it not been for a certain air of manliness and independence, he might have been taken for a beggar. His brogue was so peculiar, that it was with difficulty that our Ningpo people could understand him. He had come, he said, from the city of Tong-Yiang, one hundred and fifty miles in the interior, with the hope of gaining admittance to this institution, of which he had heard.

His father had been a scholar, and his family were very respectable, although poor. His two mothers (for his father, at the time of his death, had two wives) and his brother had come to the decision to apprentice Ping-fong to learn the tailor's trade. To this he had a great dislike. As he told me afterwards, when he heard about the school at Ningpo, the "words fell into his heart;" and from that time, when his brother and his mothers were talking over their plans, he was saying to himself, "Oh, if I could but get to Ningpo!" No one guessed his thoughts; and he did not disclose them. But when he made up his mind, unknown to any one, he started for Ningpo.

He had only about two hundred *cash*—hardly equal to tenpence—with which to meet the expenses of the journey. He had never been from home, and did not know the way; yet he seems to have met with little difficulty. He walked most of the distance, and, at the end of six days, had reached Ningpo.

I can imagine his anxiety while the question of his admission to the school was yet undecided. His story seemed so strange, that it was not until letters of inquiry had been written to persons he mentioned that we felt sure he was speaking the truth. At length all such doubts were removed, and he began his studies. He improved rapidly, and, by his good conduct, became a favourite with both teachers and pupils; and, better than all, he soon began to show love to the Saviour.

When he had been with us a few months, his elder brother, who had traced the little runaway, came to Ningpo in search of him. He seemed pleased to find Ping-fong doing so well, and willingly bound him to the school for six years.

Before the close of the first year, Ping-fong was taken very ill. We thought he would die, and he thought so himself. Mr. *Nevius* told him this, and said,

“Ping-fong, are you afraid to die?” He promptly answered, “No.” “Tell me why you do not fear to die?” continued Mr. *Nevius*. He paused a little, and answered, “Jesus Christ died to save sinners. I am a sinner, and I have asked Christ to save me: I know He will not reject me.” He remained quiet a few moments, and then added, very thoughtfully, “When I remember how God called me from my distant home in Tong-Yiang, and brought me here, so that I might learn of the Saviour; and when I think how kind and good He has been to me, I feel sure that He will never cast me off.” At another time he seemed troubled, but not for himself. “I hoped,” said he, “to have gone back to my home, and have told my friends of Jesus; and now how can they hear of Him? Will you promise me, Mr. *Nevius*, that, if I die, one of the native assistants shall go there to teach them?” The promise was made, and his mind seemed relieved.

It pleased God to spare this lad's life; and Ping-fong is now engaged in assisting at an out-station, while he continues his theological studies. He is not by any means a faultless character; but there is much to admire in him, and we hope that he

will prove a very valuable man, which distinguished him as a boy.—From “*Our Life in China*,” preaching the same qualities by *Mrs. Nevius*.

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A LIVING SACRIFICE TO GUNGA.



DO you know that there are people in India who call the river Ganges a goddess. Shall we tell you how some of them have been accustomed to worship it? Men with miserable and sinful hearts have said, “I will worship Gunga by offering myself to her, and then I shall be happy after death.” The man who has said this then puts on a red robe, and places a crown upon his head. Next, he sits down by the side of the river, and repeats its name perhaps many thousand times. He then goes

with a Brahman in a boat, which is rowed into the middle of the stream with a supply of cord and water-pans. He steps into the river, and the pans are now tied to his neck and shoulders. While they remain empty they keep him afloat. Soon his friends in the boat begin to pour a little water into the pans, or he may do it himself. As he floats with the stream the pans are gradually filling, and in a moment they suddenly overturn, and drag their victim to the bottom amid the joyous shouts of his friends.

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LINE UPON LINE.

A BIT OF A KAFFIR SERMON.



“I AM telling you many things which doubtless you know already; but the Word of God is like a pot. A woman goes and buys a pot, and keeps putting fire under it day by day, till it gets quite black with all the

cooking; yet she does not say one day, ‘Now, pot, I have taken a deal of trouble with you; you are quite accustomed to cook the dinner now; so to-day do it yourself.’ She still puts the fire under.”

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## WAGON TRAVELLING IN AFRICA.



YOU have often heard and read about the Missionaries and other travellers in Africa, going long journeys in ox-wagons. You have now a picture of one of these conveyances just ready to start from the town of D'Urban.

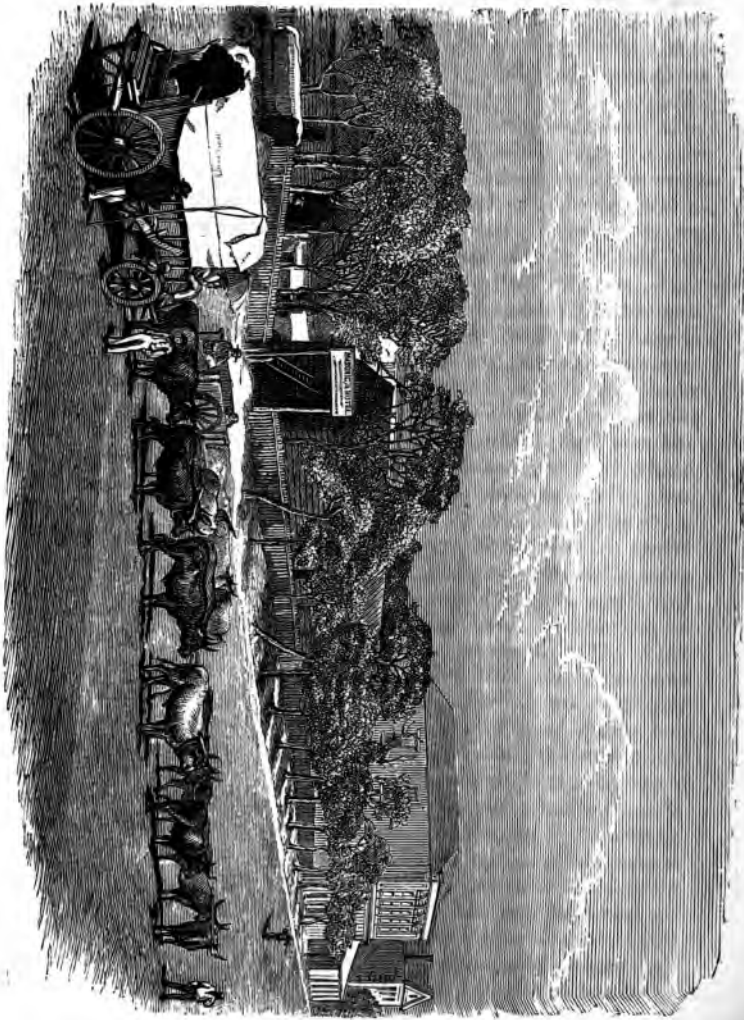
It was the old Dutch farmers who first used wagons in those parts, and thus it has come to pass that a good many things about the wagon and its journeys are called by Dutch names.

The body of this travelling machine is something like that of an English farm-wagon, only it is larger and stronger. It is very long, and the sides are high, rising higher still towards the back-end. It goes on two pairs of wheels, and is covered with a long tilt or tent, made of a light framework of wood, over which stout canvas is stretched. A large chest at the front serves as a seat for the driver, and, as well as another chest at the hinder part, holds clothes, food, and such articles as need careful packing. These boxes are called the *fore-kist* and the *achter-kist*. Underneath the latter there hangs the *trap*, a frame on which are stowed all the pots, kettles

and pans needed on the journey. Two other small boxes fixed to the outside of the wagon hold tools, nails and screws, of all such kinds as may be needed, as they often are, for mending breakages when on the road.

Now the inside of this wagon is to be the travellers' house for weeks, and sometimes for months; and as, during the whole of that time, he won't come to any shops, he must take with him whatever he can, and yet, for the sake of room and weight, as little as he can possibly do with. Of course he must trust to the guns of the party for supplying him with fresh meat when they are far away, except where they are able to buy food from some of the native tribes. Well, the inside of the long wagon is often divided into two parts, one a sitting-room, the other a bed-room. In this last, the mattress is laid on a frame, called a *cartel*, hanging over the boxes and trunks, which are arranged on the floor.

This great machine is drawn by a span of oxen, numbering twelve or eighteen. Two of these are yoked to a pole fixed to the wagon-front, and commonly called a *disselboom*: to

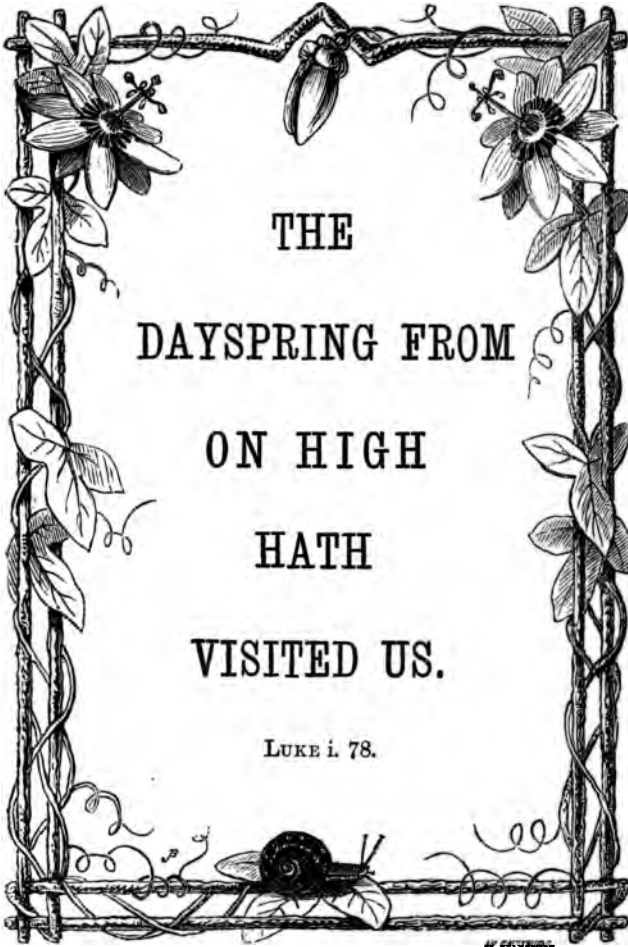


this is fastened a long, thick rope, called a *trek-tow*; and on each side of this, two and two, are fastened the bullocks. When going to a distance there must be at least three men with the wagon. One looks after the spare cattle, and makes himself, or is supposed to make himself, generally useful. The other is the leader, who is wise about roads, and the best way of getting over difficulties and fording rivers. The third is a very important person, the driver, who is armed with a huge whip, the lash of which is very long and very heavy. This, in skilful hands, is a tremendous affair, and, when cracked, makes a noise almost as loud as a gun. When all this machinery and preparation are complete, the traveller may hope to get along at the rate of three miles an hour. If this seems a very slow pace, you must remember that there are no proper roads, and places have to be crossed which would frighten a civilized coachman out of his wits. Then, after a few hours, the cattle must be rested. A place where there is grass and water is chosen, if possible, for this purpose. Here the travellers stop and *outspan*, that is, they loosen the oxen from the wagon, and set them free to eat and drink. At the same

time a fire is lit, and food prepared for a meal. Then comes the *inspanning*, when the beasts are yoked again to their work, and, all things being packed safely, a fresh start is made. At night the *outspan* is a more serious affair: preparations have to be made for sleeping. Fires are lit to scare away wild beasts, which have a great fancy for beef, and would destroy the oxen, if not the travellers themselves.

This wagon-riding is, as you may suppose, not the pleasantest mode of making a journey. The shaking is terrible, and often the passengers must dismount because of some terribly steep place down which the way lies. The Rev. William Shaw tells the following story of one of his first wagon journeys in Africa:—

“On one occasion I was sitting in the wagon with my wife and child, as we approached the bank of the Bushman's River, at which there was, at that time, a deep and almost precipitous descent towards the drift or ford. Being seated at the back part of the wagon, we could not see anything in front. The Dutch driver, finding we did not descend, came behind the wagon, and tried to make us understand that it was desirable to do so. He had learned a few words





of English from the British soldiers, and, putting his hands to each side of his face, and giving a very expressive twist of his head, he exclaimed "*Break neck.*" This was enough to cause our immediate descent

from the wagon, which forthwith went off with such a noise and run as made us tremble for our goods, and thankful that we were no longer in the vehicle ourselves."

### THE GOOD WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN IN AFRICA.



TILL the work went on, and some were "added to the church daily." The school began at six o'clock in the morning. First one, and then another child would come to me. "O missis, what me do? me heart vedy sad—vedy dark—me no can pray—me heart hard, like stone—please pray for me."

Sometimes a group of little penitents gathered in a corner of the room, one of the monitors leading in prayer.

One day a beaming, happy-looking child came forward: "Good Fader, forgib all me sin: me feel me lub Jesus." Such scenes as these often transpired in the schoolroom; but generally the relation of the time, place and circumstances of these conversations was reserved for the evening meetings. The schoolroom was left open after school-hours, offering a place "where prayer was wont to be made" to many who could not find

privacy at home; and, under the guidance of the monitors, they held their little gatherings for reading the Scriptures, singing and prayer. The Thursday-evening meetings were of the purest type of the old Methodist class-meeting, composed of earnest seekers of salvation, or happy souls who had found it. The simple clearness of the children's testimony was most convincing, and their experiences were most edifying.

One girl said: "When me first come to de meeting me heart hard like stone, and it dark like dis vestry before Silvy put de lamp in it. Me no lub nobody; me no care for noting. Soon conviction catch me, and me heart begin to tremble: me get afraid too much. Me pray—me cry, 'O Fader, save me! O Jesus, save me! O, Spirit, save me!' Me pray long time: de light no come; de feel no come: me no sabby eat; me no sabby sleep. Den me say, 'Me go tell

missis to-night.' Me come here and tell you, and me heart get light ; me heart feel ; me vedy glad ; and now me heart light, all de same as dis vestry when Silvy put de lamp in it."

One poor girl had been long under deep conviction, and her sorrow was written on her face. She came to the meeting, and said : "Missis, dis conviction shake me too much : me no sabby get peace at all ; me heart trouble too much ; me want for pray, but me heart no pray at all : de words pray, but no de heart." The following week she found peace, and came to her class in the garment of praise. I said, "I think Sally has something good to tell us to-night." "Yes," was the quick reply, "me heart feel vedy glad, and vedy happy. Missis, me lib in me house when school done on Tuesday ; me go nowhere ; me shut de door ; me let nobody come in ; me stop and tink what you tell about de blessed Saviour dat day. Me say, Perhaps Good Fader come here all alone, and forgib me sin. Me sit long time ; Me tink, and me tink about de cross and de nails, and de wicked people dat say, 'Crucify Him !' me tink until me heart want for break ; den me fall on de ground and me say, 'O blessed Jesus ! me sorry too much for all de pain


and all de suffering ;' and den me member missis say He suffer all de pain for sinner like we poor childer. Den me feel me big sinner ; me feel too much bad ; me tink me heart will break ! Den me say, 'O good Fader, for de sake of Jesus forgib poor Sally ! Me only poor black sinner girl, but missis tell Jesus die for de black girl and de white girl all de same : me big sinner, but Jesus die for big sinner. Good Fader, for de sake of Jesus forgib poor Sally !' Quick me hear de Voice say, 'Me sins be all forgib !' Missis, me heart jump, and me say, 'It true ; it all for true !' Den me sing—me no help for sing—and me glad and happy now !"

Another said : "When me hear massa preach on Sunday evening conviction catch me. Me go home ; me no eat dat night ; me no sleep ; me cry all night. In de morning me see Sally going to de school. She cry, 'Hannah, me feel Good Fader forgib all me sin.' Me say, 'What fashion you get happy ?' She tell, 'Me pray : den me believe in Jesus ; den de Voice speak quick—all me sins be all forgib !' O, dat is de way, is it ? Me tink Good Fader forgib all me sin when me vedy sorry, and when me pray plenty, and cry plenty ; and me pray and cry all night, but me no

feel happy ; de bad heart here  
 yet. Den she say, Did you ask  
 for de sake of Jesus?' Me say,  
 'Ne, Sally, me no tink of dat  
 way. O, Sally, come to me  
 house and pray for me ; you  
 sabby right fashion for pray.'  
 So Sally came home wid me. We  
 shut de door, and Sally pray,  
 and me pray, and Sally pray  
 again. 'O Good Fader, for de  
 sake of Jesus forgib poor Han-  
 nah ? for de sake of Jesus forgib  
 poor black sinner girl!' Me

pray long time—one hour—two  
 hour—tree hour : me say neber  
 leave pray : suppose Good Fader  
 no forgib me sin, me lie dere till  
 me die ! Den quick, Good Fader,  
 forgib all me sin ! Me vedy  
 happy now. Missis, me like die  
 dis night, and go wid de blessed  
 Saviour." Thus when one of  
 them found Messiah she brought  
 another to Him.—*From "African  
 Girls," by a Missionary's  
 Widow.*

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 GIVING.

IVE," said the little stream,  
 As it hurried down the hill.  
 "I'm small, I know, but wherever I go  
 The fields grow greener still."

"Give," said the little rain,  
 As it fell upon the flowers ;  
 "My kiss lifts up the heads that droop,  
 And freshens summer bowers."

"Give," said the violet sweet,  
 In its gentle, spring-like voice ;  
 "From cot and hall they hear my call,  
 They find me and rejoice."

"Give," said they all, "oh, give,  
 For our blessings come from heaven ;  
 We fain would give, would only live  
 To give as God has given."

Give, then, for Jesus give,  
 There is something all can give ;  
 Oh, do as the streams and blossoms do ;  
 For God and others live.





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